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JOHN BULL

Vol. XIII. No. 341. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1912. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

YOUR LAST CHANCE OF WINNING A TURKEY

Bullets

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

If you've got a sense of humour at all, the GRAVES GRAMOPHONE will find it. Right at your own Fireside, you turn the Merriment Tap on, and you and yours have the Very Cream of all the best that is going—the most Jovial Songs, the liveliest Comic Operas, the Smartest Society Entertainers, the most inspiring Military and Patriotic Compositions, and all the Masterpieces of Sacred and Secular Music. 'Xmas is now very near and with this wonderfully clever instrument at your disposal you will enjoy the brightest, happiest, jolliest time of your life.

WE DELIVER the GRAVES 1912 GRAMOPHONE with **TEN** superb **10in Disc Record Selections**, together with **200** Silver Steel Needles, polished Compartment Case, and a complete outfit of accessories. Insured and Carriage Paid to approved orders, for **5/-** Now and if you are entirely satisfied and delighted when you have heard the machine and records in your own home, the balance is payable in nine monthly payments of **5/-**

THIS MAGNIFICENT GRAMOPHONE is our own exclusive model, and is fitted with the latest patented improvements. **The Cabinet** is a handsome and substantial construction in finely marked **solid dark Oak**, polished to a fine piano finish, and embellished with a tasteful decorative Art Metal Panel. Dimensions: 12½ × 12½ × 6½ inches. **Powerful silent steel Motor**, nickel plated Taper Tone Arm, 10in. Turntable, large 16 inch seamless Sound Trumpet, decorated in a charming combination of softly blended Art Shades. Highly sensitive **Sound Reproducer** performing full Military Band Selections with all their original brilliance and realistic effect, and reproducing the most delicate passages of orchestration, and the minutest variations of the solo artiste's voice with remarkable fidelity.

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IMPORTANT. All Gramophone owners should write for our Catalogue of Disc Records, **4000** Selections. The most varied and complete repertoire of high-grade records ever published. Marvellous choice. Unprecedented value. Any number supplied on Easy Monthly Terms or liberal discount for cash with order.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

2/- in the £ Cash Discount.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIII. No. 341. Week ending Saturday, December 14th, 1912. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. All **FINANCIAL, INSURANCE** *and* **SPORTING** *enquiries should be addressed to the* **CITY OFFICES, 52, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C.** *All other communications should be addressed to* **93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.**

All remittances, applications for advertising space, subscription orders, etc., should be addressed to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for DECEMBER 7th, 1912, bearing on its Cover the Number 184,916.

Apply THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Canadian Patriotism, or——?

We do not like to use the word "bluff" in connection with this naval "demonstration," so let us say "bounce." When the proposed gift was first mooted we asked whether it was to be absolutely unconditional, or whether the ships were to remain either under the control or at the call of the Canadian Government. We knew what we were talking about. And now the whole country knows. The ships are to be lent to us, to be kept up at our expense till Canada wants them back—*as assuredly she will do.* In the meantime, she is to be represented on the Imperial Defence Committee, and is thus to have a voice in our general foreign policy. We do not often agree with the *Daily News*, but we are heartily in accord with it when it says that "the political consequences of the proposal may be very grave, and there is little evidence that they have been considered with corresponding care." We do *not*, however, agree that because of the offer, our own Naval Estimates should be reduced. Such a course would be a folly second only in degree to that of accepting the offer—on the terms proposed. It is not good enough.

"If You See It——!"

We refer to Mr. Borden's statement that certain information of a confidential character was given to him when in London—pointing to the necessity of immediate steps being taken to strengthen our Naval resources. Has it occurred to you to ask yourself the nature of such information? You will soon know.

"Giving the Game Away."

We were talking the other day to a leading member of the Parliamentary Opposition on the subject of tactics. "What would *you* have done," he asked us, "if you had been our Leader, and had wished to impress the public with the sham and fraud of Home Rule, without a popular mandate?" We replied that we should have withdrawn the whole of our men and left the Coalition all alone in the House till the Bill was through, and we ventured to suggest that the effect upon the country would be to deprive the measure of all moral validity. "Yes," came the answer, "we *had* thought of that—*but, you see, they might do the same when we come in.*" Funny, wasn't it?

The Mark of the Beast.

From what he said in the House of Lords on the White Slave Bill, it would seem that the young Earl of Lytton has the courage of some of his convictions. He proposed to revive the ancient punishment of branding persons convicted of living on immoral earnings. "The treatment I would mete out is this," he said—"I would stamp upon these persons an indelible mark, which they would bear as a symbol of the calling they have undertaken." In case his lordship has made no special choice of brand, we suggest to him 666. As he will find it written, it is the mark of the Beast.

More Bad Editing.

A London paper came out the other day with a leading article, and flaming posters, about the corruption of the press. The point of its piffle seemed to be that an honest advertising agent had declined to give a prospectus to an obscure publication which is in the habit of attacking new issues, unless he knew that his client's money would not be wasted, and that, accordingly, before giving the order he showed the prospectus to the editor and asked what attitude he proposed to adopt towards it. But the joke was that almost adjoining our contemporary's eloquent plea for press purity were about a couple of pages of most transparent puffs of firms whose advertisements appeared in its issue.

£100 Reward.

We shall be happy to pay a reward of £100 for the name of the "London vicar" whose two daughters were recently abducted from a West End shop—*vide* the *People*. Our contemporary is going a bit too far.

The Wild Women.

Would it involve much amendment, *or stretching*, of the law to make birching the punishment for the wild women who set fire to letters and smash windows?

"Did You Notice It?"

"A very important political announcement will be made within the next few weeks," says *Reynolds'* in its always interesting Secret History of the Day. But there is no secret about it so far as *our* readers are concerned.

"Bullets"—the STRAIGHT Competition.

Prosperous Britain!

Headlines from a leading Tory paper: "The Trade Boom. More Work and More Money. Disappearance of Unemployed. Figures of Trade Unions. Evidence of Great Towns." Opening paragraph under headlines: "An overwhelming mass of evidence of the prosperity of the chief towns and industries of the country continues day by day to pour in from all quarters of the United Kingdom." A country which dares to be unprosperous at Christmas-time is a disgrace to civilisation. *But* do not the figures prove a little *too* much?

The Fallacy of Figures.

Certain writers and politicians fall into the error of confusing facts with figures. Even the brilliant Financial Editor of the *Mail*, under the heading of "Index of Prosperity," makes this mistake. He says, "A remarkable fact this year has been the large amount of gold shipped from here to Germany and the United States *to adjust our trading accounts with them.*" That means that instead of paying for our imports in goods, we are doing so in money—leaving the United States and Germany to use the money as it thinks best in any part of the world. But we are not going to be drawn into a discussion of international economics—just now!

Wilful Waste and Woeful Want.

Having expended the funds of the ratepayers in the purchase of 297 pints of porter, in barrels, for the medicinal lubrication of the inmates, the South Stoneham Guardians seem to have been suddenly stricken teetotal. At the last meeting they decided to authorise the Master to destroy the whole contents of the barrels. This authority was given, with the remarkable reservation that he was to retain as much of it as he requires for "staining work." Who or what he is going to stain, and whether the staining is to be done inside or out, are secrets not publicly to be divulged. It may be that the Master will decide upon doing the staining in just measure between the building fabric and himself, giving the doors one coat outside and himself six inside, but no information on the point is vouchsafed unto us. Of course there is porter and porter; and it *may* be that the doors and the floors will get the lot.

Hot Air.

The Berlin *Post* published last week an article entitled "The English Confidence Trick," in which it is suggested that a naval war would be particularly unwelcome to us just now because, unlike the German warships, our vessels are not equipped with heating apparatus to mitigate the rigours of a naval contest in the North Sea during the cold weather. The Germans evidently forget that our Jack Tars are "hot stuff." They won't require any apparatus to keep them warm when the time comes for having "a go" at the Germans; but we doubt whether all the hot air in the world will prevent the German sailors from shivering then.

A Debenture Church.

Several readers have sent us copies of the prospectus (we presume that is what the "City" Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* would call it) of the Church of St. Mary, West Fordington, Dorchester, offering for subscription £3,500 worth of debentures, constituting a charge upon the future donations, subscriptions and offertories to the Church Building Fund. They seem to think such a proceeding unique. There is, however, nothing new under the sun, and we have a distinct recollection of Mr. Bradlaugh adopting a similar course upwards of thirty years ago, in connection with the Hall of Science, in Old Street. We trust we shall not damp the ardour of intending subscribers by thus pointing out that they are following the example of the 19th Century Iconoclast.

The Wicked Baby.

The Rev. O. Rhodes, Vicar of Woodhorn, appears to be somewhat of a despot. In his parish magazine he says:—"It is not fair to ask the vicar of a parish to bury a child and take its body into the church when it has not been baptised, or when we cannot help having serious doubts as to whether it has been properly baptised. It is very unfair indeed. The child may have been merely sprinkled from a saucer or a porridge basin by the fireside, the persons present neither kneeling nor praying, but sitting as they would sit to listen to a tale or the newspaper. That is a very doubtful kind of Holy Baptism. It is little else than a travesty. If a parent cannot be bothered to have the baby properly baptised, why should the vicar be requested to bury it as if it had been?" Just so—let the baby go to perdition. How dare it have had such wicked parents?

Same Old Farce.

It is whispered that the old farce with which our readers are familiar is being re-enacted in Sheffield, where the usual advertisements for a Chief Constable have appeared, the vacancy being already booked for a certain Army officer. Glancing down the list of County Chief Constables, we notice that they are all Colonels or Majors or Captains. As these gallant gentlemen are, as a rule, utterly ignorant of police work at the time of their appointment, and as they have to be taught it by their subordinates, why not give other professions a chance? Why not the Navy, the Bar, the Stage, and the Church? Or, if County and Town Councils will have men used to warlike weapons, why not select a genuine professional from the ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary, many of whom will presently be out of a job? Which will be anutherr injusthice to Oireland.

Liberty—and Licence.

We wonder whether the limit of encroachments upon personal liberty will ever be reached in this country. Listen to the experience of a laundryman in Devonshire. As he was driving his trade cart home from his rounds, he passed the cook of one of his customers and a friend of hers, who had been ill by the roadside. They asked him to give them a lift, which he gladly did, without, of course, making any charge for the service. What was the result? The laundryman's wife had her name on the cart, though she had no interest in the business. She was, however, summoned to appear at Ottery St. Mary, presumably for conveying passengers without a licence, with the result that she was fined £1 and 13s. costs. Such is the treatment meted out to good Samaritans nowadays. If you wish to avoid prosecution and fine, you must pass by on the other side and leave sick people to perish under hedgerows or find their way home as best they can.

A Mark Tapley.

In these pessimistic days it is refreshing to read of so buoyant an optimism as is shown in a letter of a South African correspondent. He thus sums up the local situation:—"Water is low, over-drafts high, business rotten, money scarce, population increasing, houses few, travellers galore, no edition of the local paper this week. Otherwise everything running smoothly." We must send him a copy of *John and Mary*.

Costly.

A Bridgwater constable has been reduced 6s. 6d. a week for leaving his post to get a drink at a local hostelry between 12.30 and 1 o'clock in the morning. There are several thousand policemen in London who know how and where to get a cheaper drink than that. But not a word!

Your last chance to win a "John Bull" Turkey. See page 830.

Wright and Wrong.

Now that the youth Wright, who clumsily tried to get away from the Boscombe bank with close on £2,000, has been sentenced for his escapade, we venture to inquire what sort of reprimand is going to be meted out to Mr. C. J. O. Jones, the Manager, who left him alone in the place for several hours in the evening. We have no wish to minimise the seriousness of the crime, but in mitigation it should be remembered that opportunity makes the thief. Although Wright had been employed at the bank for five years, and was in receipt of the munificent salary of £65 a year, those two facts by no means justify the Manager in entrusting him with such a responsibility as sole charge of the bank and all that therein was. Wright was still at the "dangerous age." His youthful imagination, we take it, was of the melodramatic type. He was a childish copy of the cinema villain. Although he may have had loose ideas on the subject of *meum* and *tuum*, we cannot convince ourselves that he was an instinctive criminal. He had not the cunning requisite for a successful cracksman. Else he would not have confided his intentions to his "friend"; he would not have made his flight conspicuous and easy to follow by hiring taxi's for long journeys; he would not have crouched among the bushes near Godalming, where his sister lives, and been deceived by the falsetto shrieks of a policeman. No; we look upon young Wright more in pity than in anger.

Brighton's Ban.

For real humbug, commend us to the action of the Brighton Town Council in banning Sunday picture-shows. This same Town Council is a common Sunday trader. It collects money for its chairs, its concerts, and tramcars. It opens the municipal art gallery; it allows money to be taken on the piers, permits Sunday boating, and maintains a seven-day-a-week orchestra; yet it deliberately refuses, as a sin and a shame, a spiritual scandal and a "desecration of the Sabbath," the licensing of Sunday performances of moving pictures. Oh, Stiggins, Stiggins, what things are done in thy name!

Rum, Eigg, and Muck.

This is not German, but the names of three islands in the Scottish Hebrides which have not yet been provided with telephonic communication with the mainland. Muck hasn't even a telegraph service. Lord Tullibardine appears to think their lack of "lines of communication" a serious matter, judging by his question to the Postmaster-General in the House of Commons. But for our part, we think the longer Muck is isolated the better for all concerned. As regards Rum and Eigg, we certainly think they both should be brought into communication—especially at this season of the year.

The Bard and the "Bullet."

A Bristol reader who received a consolation prize in connection with our "Bullets" Competition, was inspired to indite the following beautiful lines:—

My dear JOHN BULL,
My heart is full,
For when without warning
The postman this morning
Brought me your prize
To gladden my eyes,
I knew on the spot
That the bullet I'd shot
Its billet had found,
In a manner profound.
Thanks for your letter,
It could not be better.
As a reader from "One,"
I shall never be done
Trying to get the prize No. 1.

"Lonely Signalmen."

We have received a number of letters criticising our criticism of the Board of Trade's contention that railway accidents through the death of signalmen on duty are impossible. They are mostly from signalmen, who are unanimous in their conscientious conviction that a live signalman in a box is a great deal more dangerous to the public than a dead one. They assert that should a signal given by one box fail to be answered at the next, the train concerned would be sent slowly on, with instructions to the fireman to inquire what was amiss, and if the signalman were found to be ill or dead the station master would be aroused and acquainted with the facts and another signalman would be quickly procured. Meanwhile, other oncoming trains would be stopped. As to signalmen having companions in their boxes, "they are liable to argue, and the one may rely on the other for doing something which in the end neither of them would do, either through misunderstanding or careless neglect. Truth to tell, loneliness in the signal-box is golden. Well, they should know best.

Cocoa and Religion.

From his letters, read in the Westminster County Court recently, the Rev. Mark Hayford, a coloured clergyman, has evidently become pious as a means of profit. He sued Mr. J. Oppon, a Gold Coast exporter, for £400, ten per cent. on cocoa supplied to a certain Bristol firm. "It will be a very good business indeed," he wrote. "God will be with you. Keep to Him, for it is only by His blessing that we can do anything in this world and prepare for the world to come." "For this arrangement, this matter of business for you," he wrote in another letter, "what will you give me for my commission? I have just been able by God's help to get a firm to buy your cocoa." It looks as though the rev. gentleman were one of the converts of a mission to the heathen.

"Serious."

There have been several signs of late that the Birmingham magistrates are going funny. A few days ago they had to consider the case of George Yorke and his pig. The evidence was that the pig was in an emaciated condition; that its bones were showing through its skin; that it was covered with sores; that it was so weak as to be unable to rise; that it was so hungry that it had been seen eating the palings around the sty; and that it would have been so cruel to let it live that a vet. had to be called in to put it to death. "It is a serious matter," said the magistrates—and then fined the defendant half-a-crown and costs. This is where they made the mistake. They should have presented him with a bag of nuts and an orange.

The Bournemouth Sunday.

Eighteen members of the Bournemouth Town Council are still kicking twenty-one to prevent the Holy City having a Sunday tram service. When the resolution to take a poll of the inhabitants was passed, three members sat on the fence because they didn't know on which side to jump down. Notice having been given of a resolution to rescind the resolution, the question is what resolution the three will come to at the next time of asking. Rumour has it that they will resolve to maintain their masterly inactivity as neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor even moderate red herring.

Pity the Poor Ponies.

Inspection of pit ponies was promised by the Government in December, 1911, but nothing has yet been done. All credit to the National Equine Defence League for pegging away at the matter.

"Bullets"—the Best-judged Competition.

Party Politics in Civic Affairs.

The recent deadlock in regard to the election of the Chairman of the Liverpool Tramways Committee is a characteristic example of the way in which the interests of a town are often subordinated to those of Party politicians. Party in national affairs is curse enough, goodness knows, but it is infinitely worse in municipal life. It is difficult to conceive a more discreditable speech on the part of a public man than that in which a Councillor seconded the adoption of a certain Major Clarke. "I do not know any man who has more knowledge of the workings of the Tramways Committee than Alderman Fred Smith," he said. "But as the dominant Party of Liverpool are responsible for the good government of the city, I think it is quite up to us to nominate one of our own Party." The result was that, with Major Clarke voting for himself, each of the nominees obtained an equal number of votes, a whole sitting being wasted in this scandalous futility.

Idiots of Dundee.

We do not know who the Religious Instruction Committee of the Dundee Burgh School Board may be, but beyond any question most of them are idiots. According to the syllabus of religious instruction, "Jacob at Haran, Genesis xxix.," is included as a Scripture lesson for Standard II. Children of 8 years of age are being set this Biblical story as a home lesson, and young girl teachers are probably being compelled to explain things they do not understand; or it may be that the Religious Instruction Committee expect parents to explain to the little mites the manners and customs of Haran according to Laban. What religious profit can there be for children in such a lesson?

Literature and Infirmity.

The death of Mr. W. F. Monypenny at the age of 46 reminds us that too often the brilliant mind is housed in a frail body. A few months ago we were mourning the loss of Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, at the age of 37; and not very long before that extraordinary individualist, John Oliver Hobbes. Many a literary life is a record of physical suffering; the sword outwears the scabbard. The Brontë sisters all died in the early thirties; Robert Louis Stevenson's life was a continual struggle against lung trouble; and only the healing air of the South Seas kept Death at bay till he was 46. Keats died of consumption at 26. Byron—often on the verge of insanity—at 37. Robert Burns was the same age; and Tom Hood—punning even on his death-bed—was only 47. Milton was blind, Scott lame, and Cowper and Lamb were mad. De Quincey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge kept their tormenting nerves quiet with opium. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was always in the grip of insomnia, wooing unconsciousness with nightly doses of chloral.

McCallum, the Rude.

Our sympathy is with Miss Angus, the "Chairman" of the Portrush District Council. During the course of a recent meeting one McCallum, a member, neglected to keep his hair on and declared that the lady was degrading her office by a theatrical show. "The minute would be read," he asserted, banging the table, "even if you were the Devil incarnate"; from all of which it may be inferred that there is not a ruder McCallum in all Kilrush.

In Fifty Years.

According to Dr. Y. B. Hyslop, it has been calculated that within fifty years the ratio of the fit to the unfit will be as one to one, "which means that there will be just one sane person to look after one lunatic." What a joke it will be when the political Parties are evenly divided!

Lying Police Officers.

Few people who have had an opportunity of considering the evidence in the case of the prosecution of a Dalston compositor will doubt that there was a conspiracy of lying on the part of the police to secure the conviction of an innocent man. They charged him with disorderly conduct and assault. His story is that he and his wife were among some other people waiting for a tramcar, when one of the officers (they were both in plain clothes) pushed against his partner; that she remonstrated; that the policeman called her a foul name, whereupon she angrily struck him across the face with her umbrella, which the constable then seized, breaking it, and knocking her down. As the unfortunate husband stooped to pick up the umbrella, the officer struck him several blows and split his ear. The man, who had an excellent character, further said that at the police station one of the officers struck him a "back-hander" and blackened his eye. "The incident at the station," said the magistrate, "may or may not have happened. As to the rest of the case I am satisfied that the prisoner's version is the correct one, and he will be discharged." It will therefore be interesting to know what steps the Chief Commissioner proposes to take.

Dumb Friends' League.

Alluding to our recent comments on the balance-sheet of the Children's Branch of the Dumb Friends' League, the General Secretary of the body explains that the seven branches are managed by one staff, and use the central offices as their headquarters; that in the accounts each branch is credited with a share of salaries and rent; that the work of the Children's Branch is chiefly educational, consisting of free lantern lectures and so forth, the lecturers' salary being included in the £175; and that the General Fund, to which the £175 is paid, is managed by the General Purposes Committee, who make grants to any branch which may require more money than it collects. On this showing, the balance sheet is apparently a mere question of book-keeping, but certainly its form must be misleading to many. As a matter of fact, our attention was drawn to it by a subscriber to the funds. Personally we have always thought the League far beyond the suspicions which surround those many "charitable" and "humanitarian" societies which primarily exist to find salaries and "expenses" for their officials.

An Enterprising Saleswoman.

From a correspondent:—"In Fleet Street last week, I saw a woman selling JOHN BULL with the contents bills pinned around her. She is a tall, gaunt figure, and the bill fixed to her skirt was 'Seddon's Wicked Widow.' The incident seemed to create no small amount of fun for the passers-by." We hope, too, that it created a brisk business for the enterprising lady.

Waiting to J.P.'s.

The Lord Chancellor is threatening that if J.P.'s are absent from their duties without showing just cause and impediment they will be struck off the Commission of the Peace. Has our illustrious and learned friend given due consideration to the fact that many J.P.'s who do attend to their duties do so much harm that probably those who don't may be doing some good?

Dr. Cotton on Party.

You ask what party I pursue;
Perhaps you mean, "Whose fool are you?"
The name of party I detest;
Badges of slavery at best:
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.
—From "Elegant Extracts" (1790).

Change for 6d.—£200. See page 830.

Doctors and Physic Prices.

Are not some of the medical witnesses before the House of Commons Select Committee on Patent Medicines rather overdoing their prejudices by making so much fuss about the small cost of the ingredients used by patent medicine manufacturers? After all, doctors' pills cost no more and may often be worth less than Beecham's, while the cost of an eight-ounce bottle of diluted Epsom salts flavoured with pink fruit syrup probably costs the doctor just as little as it costs the "quack."

Bread Before Apples.

With the view of securing cheaper fruit for the poor, Mr. Runciman has promised to consider the question of encouraging apple growing. But we would point out to him that the poor need *bread*. Millions are looking for the wherewithal to get a good square meal; the dessert so confidently promised can wait till the more substantial courses have materialised.

The New First Lord.

We observe that the *Daily Chronicle* and other Government organs describe Prince Louis of Battenberg, the new First Lord, as "the right man in the right place." They evidently did not consider that the late First Lord was; but why did none of them say so when he was appointed?

Cheap "Heroism."

During the debate on the White Slave Traffic Bill in the House of Lords, Lord Willoughby De Broke said: "I certainly favour flogging for a first offence, and I am willing to run the risk of being flogged in mistake"—which is about as candid a statement as was ever made in Parliament.

"If You See It——"

What price about finding the name of Sir Owen Philipps, Chairman of the Royal Mail Steamship Combine, in an early list of elevations to the peerage?

"Did You Notice It?"

We mean "F. E.'s" speech on the Welsh Church Bill. Clearing the way for the new coalition.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

THE TRADE BOOM.

Still in the streets we daily see
The same old signs of poverty;
Still daily there arrives a sheaf
Of letters begging for relief;
Still strive sad wives to stifle sobs;
Still husbands tramp in search of jobs;
Still o'er us hangs the same old gloom—
In spite of the reported boom.

Still sweated workers fiercely toil
In dens from which the eyes recoil;
Still, on his paltry pound a week,
The City clerk, with sunken cheek,
Bends o'er his desk an aching back,
Till, growing old, he gets the "sack";
The workhouse walls still grimly loom—
In spite of the reported boom.

Still Quarter-Day comes round, and brings
Bills, summonses, and other things;
Still range food prices ever higher;
Still dear the coals that feed the fire;
Still, for the people in the mass,
Life's battle is as hard, alas!—
While daily papers proudly plume
Themselves on the reported boom.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

["*Taking the Biscuit*" *has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.*]

For advertising in the "Daily Mirror" that: "Orders by post receive special attention, but as the QUALITY *is so* LIMITED *we cannot send these costumes on approval,"*

MESSRS. PETER ROBINSON
(Oxford Street, London, W.)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

*For publishing the following "testimonial": "*HAVING USED *Wheeler's Glycerine Jelly* FOR OVER 15 YEARS *every night of my life—*I SUFFER FROM A ROUGH SKIN;*"*

MR. CHRISTOPHER WHEELER,
(Manufacturing Chemist, 191, Hackney Rd., London),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising in the "Poultry World": "A LADY *wanted for* ARTIFICIAL HATCHING *and* REARING,*"*

MRS. MILLS (Smarden, Kent)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the appointment of MISS —— ——— *as Junior teacher-on-supply for infants' schools* WAS CONFINED,*"*

THE MOUNTAIN ASH WEEKLY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a story that: "The whole ground seemed to VIBRATE *with the* HEAVY *fall of feet, the* RUMBLE *of artillery, and the* BEAT *of horses' hoofs . . . a vast army of soldiers was* SILENTLY *marching onwards through the night,"*

CHEER BOYS CHEER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting Mr. Lloyd George as saying at Dundee: "I can see the Liberals of Scotland mean BUSINESS. *They expect* BUSINESS *and they are* NOT *going to get it,"*

THE NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating in its account of the meeting of the Islington Distress Committee that: "*6 SINGLE *men with* THEIR WIVES *and* 7 CHILDREN *had been emigrated to Australia,"*

THE ISLINGTON DAILY GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The first SUNDAY *services held in the Mission Church will be on* SATURDAY, *Dec. 7th,"*

THE CHRISTCHURCH PARISH MAGAZINE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its account of the life of John Brown, the famous "Abolitionist," that: "Brown was TWICE MARRIED. *His sons caught his spirit, and three of them* DIED IN THE SAME CAUSE,*"*

THE WEEKLY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The murder was at first believed to have been the work of burglars, but later discoveries led to the arrest of the HUSBAND OF A WIDOW,*"*

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising, in the "Leamington Spa Courier," their "*CHRISTMAS *Show and Sale,* MONDAY, DECEMBER 29TH,*"*

MESSRS. HUTTON, THOMPSON AND COLBOURNE
(Auctioneers, 7, Church Street, Warwick)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED.

We give 2*s.* 6*d. to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same "Biscuit" be forwarded by more than one competitor, preference will be given to the reader whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue.*

"Bullets"—the STRAIGHT Competition.

MRS. SEDDON RECANTS HER "CONFESSION."

DRAMATIC APPEAL TO "JOHN BULL"—A SWORN DECLARATION—REMARKABLE INTERVIEW.

Our recent articles and revelations have had a dramatic sequel. Unable any longer to resist the force of public opinion, and stricken with remorse, the widow of Seddon has made, to us, a statement—testified on oath before a Commissioner of the High Court—in reference to her recent "Confession," which, whilst forming a unique tribute to this journal's power for good, will come partly as a relief and partly as a shock to the country; relief, that the veil of doubt which the murder trial, and the letters of the executed man, left over his guilt has been restored, and that his unhappy children may again face the world with a readily conceded claim to its generous regard—shock, that a widow and a mother could so callously have yielded to the lures of a grievously mistaken and ill-conceived project of journalistic enterprise. We must not, however, be too hard upon the harassed and hounded woman, whose pathetic appeal to the mercy of the world will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of many. And, with the bogus and faked "Confession" out of the way, it is difficult to close our ears to that weird protestation of the dead man, written within a few hours of meeting his doom, and published by us last week.

Mrs. Seddon's Flight.

And now for the remarkable story we have to tell. It will be remembered that on the publication of our first article, Mrs. Seddon (we prefer to use her old name) found it desirable to make a hasty flight from Birkenhead, where she had settled down with her new husband, Mr. Cameron. The greatest secrecy was observed in connection with the removal, which took place late at night; and beyond a rumour that the couple had gone to Liverpool, nothing was known as to their whereabouts. It was, however, generally thought that the last had been heard of them, and that they would probably settle down under an assumed name. Certainly we had no intention of dealing further with the sordid story. We alone amongst the whole press had done our part in protesting against the conduct of a powerful contemporary, and in placing our columns at the disposition of the dead man's distressed relatives. And there we should have been content to leave the matter. Circumstances, however, have ordained things differently.

Mr. Cameron Seeks Our Aid.

Our last issue had scarcely seen the light before we received the following letter:—

(*Address omitted by request.*)

Liverpool, Dec. 3rd, 1912.

DEAR SIR,

I wish you would send a representative to the above address to see my wife, who wishes to clear up a serious matter before we sail for Australia.—And oblige, yours truly,

JAMES DONALD CAMERON.

Our special representative was soon on the spot. He found himself, late at night, in a dark little street in one of the least frequented parts of Liverpool. The house, when he arrived, appeared to be in total darkness, and fearing that he might have been decoyed there for no good purpose, it was with a tight grip he held, lying snugly in his overcoat pocket, in one hand a trusty little friend, as, with the other, he endeavoured to arouse the inmates. After a time the door was cautiously opened, and a gruff voice from the darkness said, "Oh, here you are—come inside, and I'll fetch a candle."

"Fetch it first," said our Commissioner, whose faith in mankind is somewhat weak, "and I'll wait *here*," putting his foot between the door and its frame.

"All right," came the reply. "I'll be back in a minute."

"And within a few minutes," says our Commissioner, "I was able to discern the features of the man, whom I had no difficulty in recognising as the husband of Seddon's widow. He is about forty years of age—essentially of the seaport type—with a thick dark moustache and a furtive manner.

"I was not particularly reassured by the man's general demeanour, and decided to be on the alert for any little surprise he might have in store. 'Come this way,' he said, 'we shall find the missus in the kitchen.'

"'I think we'll go in *here*,' I replied, pushing open the door of a little room which faced the street, and by the window of which I had left a companion—in case of emergencies.

"'All right; only you'll find it upside down, with our furniture,' said Mr. Cameron. 'You see, it's no use arranging it; we can't stop here. People are already suspecting us, and we've got to clear right away. And that's why we want to see you. Mag. is sick and tired of it all, and we're off to Australia. But before she goes she wants to tell you something. It's about that *Dispatch* affair. *It isn't true*; she didn't know what she was doing; she never wrote it. What she said in the Court was the truth.'

"I watched the man closely as he said these things, each sentence following in quick succession, and I decided to risk it.

"'Very well, take me to her,' I said, and we were soon in the kitchen, where, beyond doubt, there stood before me, half ashamed and half affrighted, the woman whose name has been on every lip, and whose life was hanging in the balance a few months ago when she stood beside Fred. Seddon, charged with the cruel murder of Miss Barrow.

"'You have sent for me,' I said, as kindly as I could, 'and you want to get something off your mind?'

"And then I realised that Maggie Cameron, guilty or innocent, was, after all—only a woman.

"'My God—my God!' she exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'whatever made me do it! I didn't read it—I didn't write it—they got it out of me—I didn't know what I was doing. I can't stand it—I can't stand it—and I want to put an end to everything.'

"'Steady yourself, Mag.,' came the gruff voice, but a little less gruff now, 'the gentleman has come to put it all right.'

"It was a painful moment, and it took me some time to calm the woman. Then I listened to her story, making careful notes as we went along. It was very late when I left the dingy place and joined my friend outside. The next morning I was there again—and I could not help noticing that a little crowd of curious neighbours was gathered outside, talking in mysterious whispers.

"I was there again in the afternoon, checking the woman's statements by my notes, and satisfying myself that she was not endeavouring to use our columns merely for the purpose of putting herself right with the public. And I confess that I gradually became convinced that she was sincere. But I had a final test up my sleeve.

Let us provide your Christmas dinner. See page 830.

"'Now, Mrs. Cameron,' I said at last, 'I have listened to all you have said, and I am going to ask you to sit down and write it out in your own words, without any prompting, and when you have done so I am going to take you before a Commissioner for Oaths, and you will have to swear to the truth of what you have written. And you must clearly understand this—if at any time it can be shown that there is anything untrue in the statement, you will be liable to a prosecution for perjury, and you can expect no mercy from either the jury or the judge.'

"'I quite understand that,' she replied, 'I only want to get the whole thing off my mind and conscience. What I have now told you is the truth—the whole truth—and I don't care what anyone says about me now. I am living in hell at present and I *must* get peace, or I shall go mad.'

Mrs. Seddon's Recantation.

"And here is the result. Mrs. Seddon sat down by the side of her husband and wrote slowly and deliberately the following statement—which is reproduced in her own words (with the exception, of course, of the purely legal part), the original of which I have handed to the Editor of this journal:—

I, Mrs. Margaret Cameron, Widow of Frederick Henry Seddon residing at —— ——, ——, [address omitted by request] Liverpool, solemnly and sincerly declare that, I wish to take this opportunity to refute the alleged confession which have appeared in the "Weekly Dispatch." Those confessions were obtained from me under the following circumstance. In the first place the "Daily Mirror" published some photographs of myself without my consent, with the result that a great number of the public turned against me thinking no doubt that I wished to display myself whereas nothing was further from my mind. Through the publicity which I did not seek I got many anomynous letters of a most abusive character. Neighbours insulted me and a great number of my acquantance cut me dead. In fact my life was made unbearable my nerves were shattered and my health gave way entirely. I became a wreck of my former self. The "Weekly Dispatch" sent a representive to see me, which I did not ask for. In course of conversation I complained to him of all the horrible treatment I had suffered. He questioned me, first upon one point, then upon another, and I told him many things I should not have done. With all the questions he had put to me, he wrote the story which appered in the "Weekly Dispatch." The so-called confessions were not written by me, what I did however was to put my name to the proof copy, and hear I did wrong. I cannot hide the fact that I had hate in my heart towards all the people who were persacuting me. Whenever I left my own doorstep the finger of scorn was pointed at me and my children. God know how sorry I am now for answering the "Weekly Dispatch" representive questions as I did. All I ask is that the public will forget it, and extend a particale of pity, for a woman who would but for her children end all in the river. What I sworn at the trial was on oath and I strictly adhere to it. I am truly sorry for what has appeared in the "Weekly Dispatch." I should also add that in a fit of temper at the gross treatment I was receiving at the hands of certain people I approached the editor of a certain Liverpool paper with a view to fighting these people, he seeing the state I was in refused to have anything to do with it, he also said he was afraid of legal proceedings. What upset me most was that a great number of people were saying, that I was living on Miss Barrow money, I never had a penny piece of it. I hope the public will leave me alone and allow me and my children and my relatives to live in peace. Even if they think that I deserved punishment let them ask themselves if I have not suffered enough already, let them place themselves in my position and imagine all I have gone through.

I make this solemn statement believing the same to be true and in virtue of the Statutory Declaration Act of 1853.

Declared and subscribed at Liverpool aforesaid the 7th day of December 1912. } MARGARET J. CAMERON.

Before me
D. J. GEDDES,
A Commissioner for Oaths.

The Position Summarised.

Such, then, is the story. What is to be said about it? Let us for the moment look at the triple picture. There is the poor woman, Miss Barrow, said to have been sent to her death by the cold hand of a cruel poisoner, who had obtained such ascendancy over her that she had placed the whole of her money in his hands. Then there is a lonely man, pacing the condemned cell, and protesting before God, even as the shadows are falling upon him, that he is innocent of the crime. And, lastly, comes his widow, the mother of three helpless children by this man. She had stood at his side in the dock; she swore to her own innocence and his—and she was acquitted. A few months pass, and she marries again—doubtless weary of her loneliness, and harassed well-nigh to death by ever-recurring memories of the tragedy of her past life. Scarcely is this fact made known when the world is startled by an alleged "confession," published in the *Weekly Dispatch*, in which, whilst fixing the murder upon her dead husband, and for all time branding her offspring as the children of an assassin, she pleads guilty to having been an accessory both before and after the crime. Public opinion was outraged, and the woman and her new husband were unable to face it. We ventured to give expression to the popular view—of both the policy of the *Dispatch* and the conduct of the widow. And now it turns out that the whole thing was nothing more or less than the outcome of a piece of journalistic "enterprise" unworthy of the house of Harmsworth. We are, of course, assuming the woman's sworn statement to be true. That may, or may not, be a safe assumption. We would fain adopt it. Black as was the evidence against Frederick Seddon, we prefer to remember that human justice, unlike that of Heaven, is fallible. We prefer to think of the children of that union which was terminated by the hand of the Public Executioner. And we prefer to think of a woman—widow and mother—still borne up by a wife's faith in the innocence of her dead husband, and by a mother's resolve to smooth as far as possible the path of those she has brought into a hard and cruel world. We have been taught to believe that for Love a woman endureth all things, and, though born in an atmosphere of suspicion, let us hope that this solemn declaration which Maggie Cameron of to-day, and Maggie Seddon of yesterday, now gives, through us, to the world, may draw the curtain over a mystery which must remain unsolved till that great day when, we are told, all things will be revealed.

"Bullets"—the best-judged Competition,

CINEMATOGRAPH SWEATING.

SLAVES OF THE (ARC) LAMP.

Our readers will remember that in the article we published, on July 27th, exposing cinematograph charity cheaters, one of the counts of our indictment was that "The subordinate staff nominally get paid for their Sunday labours, but in many cases a man whose services are worth, say, 25s. a week of six days is placed on the pay sheet for 22s. 6d., and given 2s. 6d. for the Sunday. These employés, again, are supposed to get a day's holiday—sometimes they do, sometimes they don't. If asked why they do not complain to the Council, their reply would at once be that it would mean dismissal."

A striking instance in support of what we then said reaches us in connection with the new cinematograph house in Green Street, Bethnal Green. A married man with a child applied for a situation and received the following letter, dated December 4th, written on the official paper of Picture Amusements, Limited, and addressed from "Registered Offices—Camomile Street Chambers, London, E.C." It is signed for "G. R. Hildyard, Managing Director," by somebody whose initials are, apparently, either "E. D." or "E. W." It runs:—

> Referring to your recent application for a job at the Company's new Picture Theatre in Green Street, Bethnal Green, E., I am prepared to engage you to start with 15s. per week as inside attendant from the date of the opening, which I expect will be before Christmas, and of which I will duly advise you. Your duties will be in the mornings to generally help in the cleaning of the Hall, and it is understood that you will implicitly follow the Manager's instructions.
>
> Your money will be paid as to 12s. 6d. on the Saturday, and 2s. 6d. on the Sunday—you will have one day per week off. If you decide to accept the job on the above understanding subject to one week's notice either side, please be good enough to meet me at The Uniform and Equipment Company, 5, Clerkenwell Green, on Friday evening at 5 o'clock so that uniform can be ordered.
>
> *P.S.*—If you fulfil your duties satisfactorily money will be increased to 2s. 6d. extra at the end of, say, 3 months—you will of course be required to stay until Hall closes each evening outside the day you have off. If Manager thinks you are worth it your money will ultimately be increased to £1 per week.

Similar communications have evidently been sent to other unfortunate out-of-works, for the body of the document is carbonised. Thus is the truth of our slogan again borne out! It should not be forgotten, too, that the poor wretches who accept the terms laid down in the above letter will be hanging about all day—and constant standing is, as is well known, exceedingly fatiguing—until after 11 p.m.!

LITERATURE FOR LABOURERS.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP INTO LAVISH LIBRARIES.

In 1906, a Northumberland labourer was foolish enough to purchase from Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Ltd., an entirely unnecessary and unsuitable set of books, entitled "The International Library." It will be remembered that Messrs. Lloyd, when asked a few weeks ago the price of the volumes, were apparently unable to supply the answer, but our correspondent assures us that the amount he agreed to pay was £7 5s. 6d. There seems to have been a good deal of slackness in the way the various instalments were acknowledged; for instance, the deposit is merely stated to have been received on "June 25th"; whilst our correspondent informs us that in no less than 26 cases instalments were never acknowledged at all. However, there is no dispute that by the middle of November the amount due was £1 3s. This indebtedness arose owing to the fact that—contrary, possibly, to his expectations after reading the glowing prospectus of the volume—fortune did not smile upon the purchaser, and instead of becoming richer in pocket (whatever he may have been in mind) he suffered from sickness and unemployment, and was therefore unable to keep up his payments. The poor man has now received a summons to attend the City of London Court, and asks what he shall do, as it is, of course, quite impossible for him to come up to London. His best course will be to write to the Registrar of the Court, enclosing the summons, mentioning the amount he has paid, and stating by what instalments he can clear off the debt—when an order will probably be made accordingly.

HOW MR. VAGG MADE A "BAG."

"PHYSICIAN, CURE THYSELF!"

Our recent comments upon letters sent by Mr. J. H. Vagg, of Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C., to tradesmen who had been unfortunate enough to have County Court judgments registered against them, have resulted in a visit from that gentleman, at which he stated that, although the letters and telegrams asking for £5 as interest in advance on loans which he stated he was prepared to arrange for the impecunious ones were actually signed in his name, they were written by a friend using his office, and he "knows nothing further in regard to the matter." This statement was so extraordinary that we asked him to place it in writing, adding the name and address of the "friend." We have not, so far, received this information. We will not pause to comment upon the extraordinary nature of this "explanation." Anyone possessing common sense can draw his own conclusion as to the wisdom of entrusting such a person with the management of embarrassed affairs.

From further enquiries we have made, it appears that Mr. Vagg is also established at 76, Prudential Buildings, North Street, Brighton, and he is apparently good enough to permit his anonymous friend to use that address also for the purpose of obtaining these payments in advance.

In June last, on the plea that it was required for some remunerative business, Mr. Vagg borrowed £25 from a firm of London solicitors with the promise, written and verbal, that it was to be repaid within two days. Though reminded many times of his undertaking, from that day to this not a penny has been repaid. Some of Vagg's excuses for defaulting form amusing reading. For instance, he wrote from "Buxton" (but with no more precise address!) that he was too ill to attend to business, though as he signed the letter his creditors failed to see why he could not have done the same with a cheque. Vagg's financial position makes recourse to the law quite useless; for he is qualified to entertain a fellow feeling for judgment debtors. Surely, if it is so easy for his friend to raise money at comparatively low interest for strangers whose financial position is impaired, he should have enlisted his services on his own account in order to repay the amount for which he is indebted.

"SOOTHEEN'S" COD.

A FISHY CONCERN "BITES."

The "Sootheen" quacks are still at their old game, though even now they are apparently unable to point to any cure as having resulted from their nostrum. Persons afflicted with diseases of the leg are invited to send particulars to the Company at 452, Stretford Road, Old Trafford, Manchester—the suggestion, of course, being that wonderful medical experts there are in a position to diagnose and cure, no matter how aggravated or chronic may be the case. A lady reader who, having seen our exposures of the concern, would naturally have hesitated to entrust her own body to the care of these charlatans, forwarded them a portion of the roe of an unfortunate cod-fish! She in due course received the following valuable analysis, presumably from Henry Stephen Slade, the book-keeper running the concern:—

> We are in receipt of your letter and have examined the contents of the ointment pot which you returned to us. In our opinion this was a portion of rather solid pus or matter together with small fragments of bone, and we strongly advise that you continue with the treatment, as it must be obvious to you that it is better that this bad and offensive matter should come away rather than it should stay in the diseased portion of your leg. We are confident that if you become a patient that we shall be able to afford you great relief and should do our utmost to bring about your speedy recovery. Hoping to receive an order, and the Diagnosis Form duly filled in at your early convenience.

It is, of course, possible that there may have been small fragments of bone and that the "sample" may have become offensive by the time the scientific book-keeper had finished his microscopic examination. And these people are still professing to cure those stricken with serious disease!

Last week of our special Christmas offer. See page 830.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The "actes," to the Albert Hall prancing,
For posing, and grouping, and dancing,
Have started a boom
In fancy costume,
The scene was so very entrancing.

While flying from Paris to London,
The airman was very near undone;
He was forced to the earth,
But he found a snug berth
On a roof—a thing only by one done.

The new First Sea Lord Jack soon gauges,
For sailors are most of them sages:
He welcomes the Prince,
But more joy does evince
At the news of an increase of wages.

Will George vainly spread out his net
In the sight of the bird?—You can bet!
The Faculty ask
Fair pay for the task,
And what they demand they will get!

Pelissier leaves the Apollo,
His Follies, obedient, follow;
The Empire now sees
Their hilarious sprees,
And its patrons in mirth fairly wallow!

Now, feeling their deep obligation
To the old Motherland of the Nation,
Canadians say
For three ships they will pay—
To Germany's great consternation!

QUEER QUARANTINE AT QUETTA.

MARRIED SOLDIERS' PLIGHT.

The 2nd Battalion Welsh Fusiliers are stationed at Quetta, India—said to be the last place that God created. In every British regiment there are a number of the rank and file married. Men before getting married must in all cases ask permission from their Commanding Officers, and when leave is granted it is only after full enquiry into the character of the prospective bride.

Such a system being in vogue, it follows that if a Commanding Officer gets a questionable lot of married women in his regiment it is largely his own fault; such a contingency, however, we should think very unlikely. An Order in force in the Welsh Fusiliers that no one is allowed to visit the married quarters except on a matter of duty therefore seems to us inexplicable. We have already hinted at the benighted nature of Quetta, and yet the married men of the battalion are prohibited from offering any entertainment to their friends!

We have looked up the King's Regulations upon the point, but cannot see any such Order authorised. That, however, makes no matter. The Commanding Officer's Orders are law in his own regiment, and must be obeyed. We once knew a Colonel who delivered a fiat as to limitation of families! On occasions this was broken, and, of course, the excuses were many and varied. No explanation, however, was ever accepted by the peppery old martinet.

WHEN IS A POISON NOT A POISON?

ASK THE GOVERNMENT.

It might perhaps be of interest to thousands of people who put their trust in "Government" to learn that:—

(1) Carbolic acid itself is scheduled as "poison." ("Poisons" may be sold only by qualified chemists.)

(2) Liquid preparations containing more than 3 per cent. are also "poison"; but

(3) The same preparations for use in agriculture and horticulture are "poisonous." ("Poisonous" substances may be sold by anyone who obtains a magistrate's licence, and conforms to certain regulations.)

(4) Liquid preparations containing not more than 3 per cent. are "Poisonous"; owing to a technical flaw in the Act, however,

(5) They *may not be*, if not sold as carbolic, carbolic acid, carbolic substitutes, or carbolic disinfectant. In this case they are, from the legal point of view, neither "poison" nor "poisonous," and *may be sold by anybody!*

(6) Solid preparations containing more than 3 per cent. may or may not be "poison" for the same reason; while

(7) Solid preparations containing not more than 3 per cent. are neither "poison" nor "poisonous," and *may be sold by anybody!*

Oh, for——!!

"Bullets"—the STRAIGHT Competition.

THE GREAT EMIGRATION LIE.

"JOHN BULL" IN AUSTRALIAN SENATE.

We have just been favoured with the Australian Parliamentary Debates for October, 1912, and we note that three pages of the publication are devoted to the discussion of our article, entitled "The Great Emigration Lie," published on August 24th last. Without going into details, we may say that the article gave the "other side" of the glowing accounts of the working man's life in Australia. Of course, some of the Senators did not like us. Some even had the audacity to question our statements. They were, however, promptly jumped upon by Mr. Fenton, the member for Maribyrnong, whose trenchant exposure of the emigration fallacy fully justified all we had said. Let us quote a portion of Mr. Fenton's speech:—

> JOHN BULL circulates amongst millions. I asked Mr. Hagelthorn, Honorary Minister of the Victorian Government in the Upper House, how many immigrants he expected to come to Victoria during the coming financial year. He said he expected 30,000, and when an interviewer asked him how many of these people would go upon the land, and whether he thought that five per cent. of them would do so, he said, "No, not 2½ per cent." I wish to ask the honourable member for Darling Downs, and every true Australian, whether this is the kind of immigration policy which will send Australia ahead. We know that it is not. It means that only a few hundreds of those who are brought out to Australia will go upon the land, and the rest will be dumped in the already overcrowded cities. I know that, in my own electorate, there are to-day hundreds of men who cannot find work. The honourable member for Swan has had some experience as a member of a State Government, and I ask him if he considers it a fair thing, when there are hundreds of men out of work in the metropolis of a State, to bring men from the other side of the world to make the condition of unemployment still more acute. It is unjust to the men who are being brought here, and a cruel wrong to those who are here and out of employment.

Well, the truth will out. Who is responsible for the lies told about Australia this side?

AN "ART"-FUL CONCERN.

QUI BONO?

The North British Academy of Arts, Newcastle, still calls for criticism. In a circular headed with an amazing list of honorary officials, it states that: "The North British Academy is constituted a proprietary club in order that no responsibility or liability beyond the amount of subscription shall be incurred by members." This is, of course, an absurdly inadequate reason. Why cannot the Society follow the ordinary course, by forming a private limited liability company to work the concern, allotting a fully-paid share to each member, a portion of the entrance-fee being treated as paid in respect of it? There is no statement as to the identity of the proprietor, but as the Curator and Honorary Secretary, "William J. Morgan, Esq.," appears to do all the handling of the cash, we think we could make a pretty fair guess.

It appears that members are entitled to have their works hung at the Academy's exhibitions, and "if the works sent are unworthy they are declined and the member's subscription returned. This rule has never yet been enforced, as only artists whose work is known to be good are invited to join the N.B.A." We are not surprised to hear that it has not hitherto been necessary to return a subscription, but the statement that the cause of this happy high standard of excellence, which enables whoever is the proprietor to keep his purse closed, is that the gods have smiled upon all the members of the Academy, appears somewhat staggering, as the invitation to join the body is certainly not confined to artists at all.

By the way, one of the exhibitions referred to is apparently running at the Crystal Palace until the end of the year; and although, according to a handbill, it is pronounced a "great success," and is said to be "visited by thousands (!) of people weekly," the London press has apparently heard nothing of it.

The various documents emanating from this peculiar concern do, however, show that the person who drafted them is quite competent to give instruction in the highest form of art—which enables art to be concealed!

SCALPING THE STUBBORN-HAIRED.

HYPERION'S CURLS ECLIPSED!

The following advertisement appeared in a weekly paper:—

> CURLY HAIR—WAVCURL.
>
> Wavcurl Imparts Beautiful Permanent Curls. One bottle sufficient however listless your hair. One testimonial says: "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." Results certain. Send 1s. 1d. P.O. only. Proprietors—The New Wavcurl Co. (Dept. 18), Barwick Street, Scarborough.

One of our correspondents sent the thirteenpence, naturally expecting to get a bottle of the wonderful fluid. To his surprise, he received merely a printed letter, which read as follows:—

> OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE 1S.
>
> "WAVCURL" HAIR CURLING FLUID.
>
> DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—The following is the recipe for this preparation:—Olive oil, 1 dram; potassium carbonate, 1 dram; liquid ammonia, half dram; mucilage acacia, 3 drams; rectified spirit, 6 drams; rose water, 8 ozs. Moisten the hair with the mixture and it curls upon drying. The cost of the above at any Chemist's is 8d. or 10d. and equal to a 2s. 9d. size bottle. With this recipe in your possession, you will be able to obtain as many 2s. 9d. bottles of our preparation as you wish, for the low cost of about 8d. This will save you a good deal of money, as we are obliged to charge 2s. 9d. per bottle, owing to the excessive cost of advertising, packing, postage, etc.—Thanking you for your patronage, we remain, yours faithfully, TURRELL AND BRAY. P.S.—Should you require a recipe of any patent medicine, please write us. Our price for any recipe, with the exception of the above, is 6d. only, and in many cases the possession of the recipe of any preparation you may be using, would save you pounds. IMPORTANT.—The above recipe is the exact formula discovered by John Turrell at great cost. A reward will be paid for information leading to the conviction of persons pirating.

As will be seen, we are risking the awful penalties threatened in the last sentence!

It will be noticed that the firm advertising is not identical in name with that apparently issuing the circular—which bears no address. We can, however, quite understand that a constant change of name and address is essential to the carrying out of this trick for any length of time.

A SPRAT TO CATCH A MACKEREL.

SALVATION DAMP SQUIBS.

> Lord Denham, Governor-General, presided over a crowded and enthusiastic meeting at the Town Hall last evening for the furtherance of a proposal to raise £10,000 for a memorial to the late General Booth. A collection in the hall realised £100.—*Reuter.*

Ten thousand asked and only a hundred subscribed! A real live Governor-General presiding, too! We are pleased to see that "the man from under" has a little common sense. We suggest that the fund should close, and the £100 subscribed go to help some of the poor creatures at Rots-Rod—commonly known as the Devil's Isle.

BRITISH HYPOCRISY AND COLOMBO MORALS.

WHAT SAYS SIR HENRY McCALLUM?

The law in this country as regards houses of ill-fame is rigorous. The same law applies to most British possessions, but as regards many of them it is practically a dead letter. Take Colombo. In Reclamation Road there are at least two notorious houses. For the last four years an active agitation has been in progress to close these houses and to liberate the girls. We are credibly informed that in this road there live at least fifty "white slaves"—and that one of them is a Singalese child of ten years of age! What says the Governor, Sir Henry McCallum? And what say the goody-goody people in the House of Commons who have recently been shouting themselves hoarse over the Prevention of Immorality Bill?

Your last chance to Win a "John Bull" Turkey. See page 830.

ROUND THE "REALISATION" ROOMS.

AN EVENING'S BARGAIN-HUNTING.

One of our representatives has been following up our disclosures regarding "realisation and bankrupt stock" auction sales and has brought to light some interesting facts. Working upon our exposure of the Colonial Auction Rooms in a recent issue, he paid a visit to a shop in Fleet Street where some seedy-looking individuals, commonly known in the trade as "bluers," whom he had previously seen bidding in the Strand, were again at work. A string of sixteen "unredeemed pledges" was put up, and, not realising the necessary amount, was knocked down to one of these gentlemen. He had seen a similar string in the Strand show. A canteen of cutlery was displayed, but not put up for sale. It purported to be a wedding present to a major in the Army, but "owing to unforeseen circumstances the wedding did not come off."

"Mugs" Only Wanted.

Unfortunately, our representative was "spotted" by the "just agoing to commence" gentleman who had seen him in the Strand shop, and he was told to "git owtside," as he was "up to no good at all." On declining to depart, a notice was pointed out, reading: "The right to refuse admission is reserved." Another of the "merchants" approaching, our man decided to come away, and made for the "Bankrupt Auction Rooms," at 31, Tottenham Court Road. Here a gentleman of the chosen race, who was badly in need of a shave and hair cut, displayed £36 watches on a small table in the front part of the shop. Every few minutes the table was pulled towards the rostrum at the far end and the crowd urged to step forward. Each watch had a history, and was said to be sold without reserve. One was "a chiming watch worth £50," and would be knocked down to the highest bidder.

Subsequently, the auctioneer-in-chief started the "sale." Our representative was asked to place, as a sign of confidence, a penny upon a small cardboard box, and on refusing to do so was abused for his want of business acumen! The sale proceeded, and "cheap lots of property" fell to the "bluers" for small amounts. The audience were then invited to bid for the contents of unopened boxes, with the result that a dozen "mugs" bought at two shillings pairs of photo frames worth about three-halfpence. Then came the string of "unredeemed pledges," again sixteen in number, and which, as in the case in Fleet Street, were knocked down to a "bluer." The auctioneer then gave us part of his life's story. His name was Lyons, he said, and he had offices at the corner of Regent Street and Oxford Circus, but the directory has failed to indicate his precise address, nor has he conformed to the law which requires an auctioneer to have his name posted up in the room where he is conducting a sale. He produced his auctioneer's licence for the inspection of the crowd and a pocket full of gold and several rings. "I have just returned from Cardiff," said the confiding Lyons, "and I tell you the people there asked me to put up a second lot of unredeemed pledges and I could not supply them. One gentleman cried, and his tears were as big as them there electric light globes!" The reminiscences having closed, a canteen of cutlery, identical with that seen at Fleet Street, was brought forward—but this "property" belonged to a colonel who had been listed for Indian service and was selling up before departing by the Friday boat. The canteen cost one hundred and five pounds and, subject to a small reserve, was to be sold. No bidders came forward, however, and when our man passed the shop three days after the lot was still on show.

The Wandering Jew.

The same seedy individual from Fleet Street was present during the sale, and when our representative arrived at the "West End Auction Mart," at 41, Oxford Street, just as the sale there was about to commence, sure enough there he was again! The auctioneer was working the old dodge of inducing people to bid for boxes without disclosing the contents. And so the game went merrily along, until one gentleman, who had bid a sovereign for five articles, examined them and declared he had been "twisted." He demanded his money back, but under a threat of sending for the police for creating a disturbance was induced to leave.

Enough has been said to put the public on its guard against the gang who run these establishments.

"LET ME DREAM."

THE IMPEDING IMP AND THE INSOMNIOUS IMMIGRANT.

A Halifax reader, despite the proverbial love of the "tykes" for the county of broad acres, writes us complaining that, although as long ago as August 27th he paid to the Director of the New South Wales Immigration Department, 125, Cannon Street, the amount demanded to transport himself and family to Sydney, he has not yet been able to get away. On September 11th that official wrote that he was "unable to arrange accommodation at the moment," as all the space to which he was entitled on vessels sailing before October 31st had already been allotted. Four weeks later he regretted that it was "improbable" that he would be able to arrange passages this year, whilst by November 15th it had become also "improbable" that he would be able to arrange berths before March next. Worse, however, remained, for on December 2nd the would-be exile—who, notwithstanding the popular songs, was evidently cold to the delights of spending the festive season in the Old Country—received another letter from the Director, in which he stated:—

> I may mention that I have secured some early accommodation, at slightly increased rates. If you are in a position to remit me an additional sum of £5 towards the cost of your passages, you may secure berths on a steamer leaving in February or March. If, however, you are unable to make this extra contribution, your departure must necessarily be further delayed. It is essential that I should have a reply at the earliest possible moment.

Now there is an immense amount of unemployment in New South Wales, and the Director of Immigration might, therefore, have thought that he was doing a service to the person who apparently prefers to dream of home rather than be there at the New Year; but in this case there is, we think, a legitimate grievance—inasmuch as when the passage was booked our correspondent had work to go to, and it is, of course, very unlikely that the job will be kept open indefinitely, as the Government officials seem to expect. He has also sold his home, and naturally finds it very inconvenient camping out in practically unfurnished rooms. We might, however, suggest that on December 31st he should go to sleep conjuring up dreams of the little "song scena" which used to be enacted by the once famous Leo Dryden. But joking apart, we must say that, although we are, of course, familiar with the pastry-like promises of the ordinary emigration officials, surely such shilly-shallying and unreasonable increase in the stipulated fare are unworthy of the representative of one of our Colonies. It is not necessary for us to characterise the demand for this extra £5 from a man who had, to the knowledge of the Cannon Street officials, to strain his resources to provide the amount originally asked.

BUXTON BATH CHARITY.

A QUESTION OF MANAGEMENT.

The Devonshire Hospital, or, as it is generally called, the Buxton Bath Charity, was opened for the reception of patients in 1859. No doubt it has done good work in its time, but we suggest there is something wrong with the management of the present day.

Entry to the "charity" is by an annual subscriber's recommendation, or a casual subscriber's payment of £2 12s. 6d. All the patients, numbering about 150, are suffering from rheumatism. For these there is a staff of five nurses. The steward generally superintends—and says grace at meal times. The dining room, capable of seating 200 patients, is cold and draughty. The smoking room also is draughty—and not over clean. The baths are situated some distance from the hospital. Those who can walk to them do so. Anyone who is unable to walk must get another patient to wheel him—and, of course, the amateur bath-chair man must undress the patient and bath him. "The bath attendant must not receive tips," say the rules. There is a lack of feeding utensils. The food is poor and insufficient. Crippled patients must be assisted to the lavatory by other patients, and their wants attended to. We suggest to the management that the hospital is very much understaffed and that a searching enquiry is needed.

"Bullets"—the STRAIGHT Competition.

OLD BOFFIN (reading war news): "Wal, I understand all about King Peter, and King Nicholas, and the Crown Prince hof Servia and sich, but I can't make out who this 'ere gal SOFIA is!"

THE MAN AND HIS CREED.

By "RETLAW."

1.—MR. H. H. ASQUITH.

I BELIEVE in the political infallibility of Herbert Henry Asquith.

I BELIEVE in waiting to see.

I BELIEVE in the judicious use of the Preamble.

I BELIEVE in my own interpretation of ambiguous political pledges.

I BELIEVE in log rolling.

I BELIEVE in Home Rule so long as my Parliamentary majority is precarious.

I BELIEVE in the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Welsh Church, because every little vote helps.

I BELIEVE in disclaiming responsibility for my colleagues' speeches out of the House.

I BELIEVE in practising the tactics of old Cromwell.

I BELIEVE in loading the Government programme so as to have an excuse for the free use of the closure, plain or kangaroo.

I BELIEVE in irritating the Opposition almost beyond endurance.

I BELIEVE in laying little traps for Bonar Law to fall into.

I BELIEVE in keeping at a safe distance from the suffragettes.

I BELIEVE in getting rid of rebellious Radicals who dare to think for themselves and don't always vote as I tell them to.

I BELIEVE in playing off Arthur Balfour against Bonar Law whenever I get the chance.

I BELIEVE in resigning just before the cumulative difficulties piled up by the Liberal Government become unmanageable, so as to let the Tories in for it.

I BELIEVE in a Business Government—but dare not say so.

I BELIEVE in the John Bull League—but dare not join it.

I BELIEVE in keeping my eye on JOHN BULL.

IMMORAL FABLES.

By F. W. THOMAS.

THE SICK MAN.

A certain Poor Man lay Sick unto Death. And at last his relatives called unto him a Wise Man with a Lot of Letters after his name.

And the Wise Man said "Um!" and sent along a bottle of Pale Green Liquid and a Nauseous Powder.

But the Sick Man grew Worse.

So the Relatives called in yet another Wise Man with yet More Letters after his Name. And the second Wise Man said "Ah!" and went Home for a Knife and Fork and a Chopper.

But it came to pass that the two Wise Men met at the Bedside.

Said the first: "He has the Lallapaloosa Euphangytis. I shall inject Ju-ju, and give him a Hektolitre of Brass Tacks."

Said the Second, "Tommy Rot! He has Broken his Neck. I shall Amputate his left foot and Sole and Heel his Vermiform Appendix."

Said the First, "You shall not!"

Said the Second, "Go to Blazes!"

They argued and argued.

But the Patient got Worse.

They Pulled Noses.

Still the Patient got Worse.

They Fought at the Bedside.

Worse and Worse became the Patient.

They Struggled on the Bed.

The Relatives remonstrated. They said, "While you Argue, the Sick Man Perishes."

The Wise Men paused. "It is a Matter of Principle," said they; and went on Scrapping.

So the Patient Died. And nobody Slew the Doctors!

Now the Patient is the Working People of England; and the Doctors are the Tory Party and The Liberal Party.

MORAL.—What are You going to Do about It?

"Bullets"—the Best-judged Competition.

Are you a 30/- a Week Man?

Sir Hiram Maxim's Startling accusations—Why are there so few men worth £5 a week?

THAT great inventor and keen business man, Sir Hiram Maxim, in a striking series of letters to the *Daily Express*, makes some startling accusations against the modern business man. He says in effect that he, as an employer, can find thousands of men to fill jobs at 30s. a week, but that these men never improve, never become worthy of the positions at £5 a week.

And he says this is because the 30s. a week man never troubles to get any real knowledge of business. He does just what he *has* to do, and no more. But the serious part of the matter is that Sir Hiram is right.

Now once you admit that Sir Hiram Maxim is right, and that the 30s. a week man never rises because he never gets a real knowledge of his work, you should carry the principle a little further. You may smile at the shop assistant whom he describes who sold bottles of gum for years, and never noticed that they were labelled "mucilage," but he provides an object lesson to you, and there is one question you should ask yourself very seriously. Its answer may make a great difference to you if you mean to succeed.

In six words this question is:—

What Do You Know About Business?

At first sight you may be inclined to pooh-pooh the question, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet, without this Business knowledge, your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire to.

Without it you run the risk of being a 30s. a week man all your life, or, if not that, at any rate, a near approach to one.

Now what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Bookkeeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know much about the Income-Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Yet these matters are Business knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

Now What Are You to do?

You must get the "Business Encyclopædia."

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition. It gives you new ideas, and it enables you to put into successful practice your own ideas.

The subjects dealt with in the "Business Encyclopædia" include every phase of business in full technical detail. The legal documents most commonly needed are shown in actual facsimile insetted into the book. Card index and accounting systems for every business are illustrated and described in detail.

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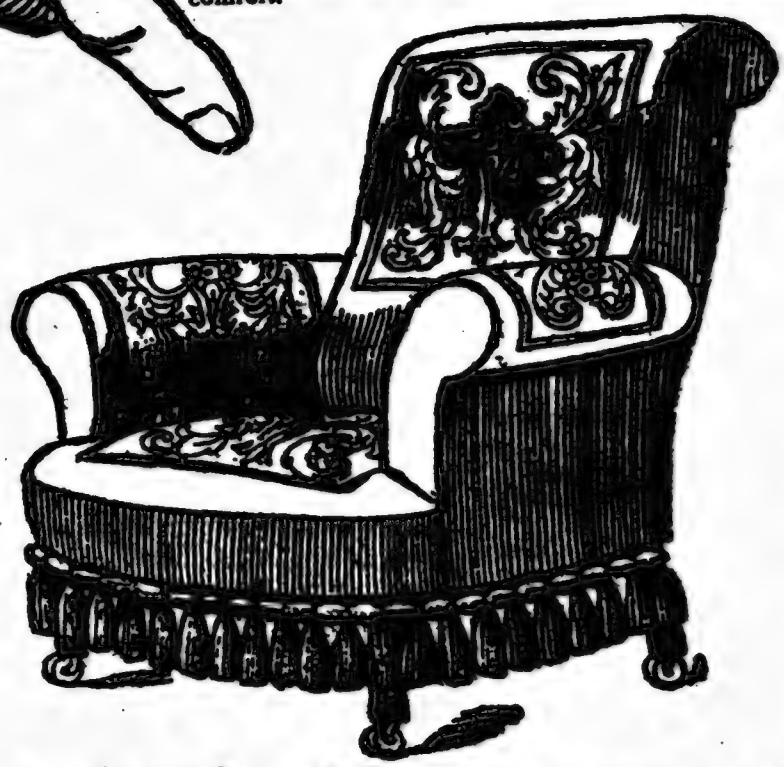

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FIGURING IT OUT.

WILL '13 BE UNLUCKY FOR GERMANY?

To those who take an interest in the mystery of figures we present the following interesting letter:—

It is a well-known fact that when the Royal Prince of Prussia (who later was crowned Emperor at Versailles) fought in 1849 against the revolted inhabitants of Baden, he met there a very old witch, whom he asked:—*In what year will Germany be made an Empire?*

The gipsy took a pencil, wrote 1849 (the current year) and repeated the figures as below:

1849
1
8
4
9
1871

In fact, the Prince was crowned Emperor of Germany at Versailles at 1871.

He then asked: *When will I die?*

By the same disposition of 1871 the answer was:—

1871
1
8
7
1
1888

Again, this proved later to be correct.

His final question was: *When will the German Empire be destroyed?*

The old gipsy took her pencil and wrote:—

1888
1
8
8
8
1913

So, next year—1913!

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

AN APPEAL FOR A LITTLE CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE POOR.

We again make an appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us, at the approaching Christmas season, to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor. Upon previous occasions the response has been most gratifying, and we feel sure that the same will be the case again this year. First, we want money with which to buy orders upon local butchers, bakers, grocers, and others, enabling the recipients to obtain food and take it to their own homes for consumption, a course much preferable to crowding them into public buildings in the old-fashioned way. Every subscription will be duly acknowledged in our columns. Secondly, we want left-off clothing of all shapes and sizes. This we will have carefully sorted out by the hands of willing workers, and made into suitable "lots," corresponding with numbered orders which will be given by our helpers to those most in need of the things. Thirdly, we want toys for the little ones, to help to brighten their dismal homes at Christmas-time. We can also do with boxes of oranges, sweets, fruit, crackers—in short, anything likely to bring a little happiness, if only for a few days, into the homes of the poor. Gifts of money should be sent to the Editorial Offices, 93 and 94, Long Acre; presents in kind should be directed to the depôt of the Fund, 171, Mare Street, London, N.E.

We thankfully acknowledge the following subscriptions:—

A. C., 1s.; "Anonymous," 6d.; "Anonymous," 15s.; H. P. B., 5d.; B. G. H., £2; "Beer," 10s.; L. M., 2s. 6d.; "Beryl," 2s. 6d.; B. J., £3; F. H., 21s.; R. L., 21s.; A. H., 5s.; Miss E. D., 5s.; J. T., 1s.; L. J. W., 1s.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CCXXIV.

[*In this column every week we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.*]

A DESERTED WIFE AND BEREAVED MOTHER'S MISERY.

We appeal to our readers on behalf of a poor woman whose husband deserted her over a year ago, leaving her with a baby a few days old. She managed to keep a roof over her own and her child's head by going out charing, and doing any jobs she could get, but although she did all in her power for the little one, it seemed to get weaker and weaker for want of more nourishing foods, which the poor mother could not afford to get. The lady who brought this case to our notice told us that the previous night, when she went to take some food to the poor creature, the baby had just died; there was no firing in the place, and not a scrap of food. There is six weeks' rent owing, at 4s. a week, and she will have to turn out into the workhouse or the streets if she cannot pay off some of the arrears, as the landlady is only a poor woman and cannot afford to let her rooms and get no rent, this being her means of livelihood. We do hope that our readers will do what they can to help so deserving a case.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:

CCXVII.—C. A. A., 4s.

CCXXI.—"Jackshay," 5s. "Sympathy," £1

CCXXII.—"The Boys," 2s.; W. B. U. (Leicester), 5s. "Xmas," 2s. 6d. M. S., parcel clothing; "Father of Five," 20s.; M. J., 1s. 6d.; E. J. C., 2s. 6d.

CCXXIII.—A. J. E. S., 4s.; "Ivy Mary," 1s.; T. H. S., 10s. W. B., 5s.; C. H. J., 2s.; J. B. C. (Hamiota), 2s.; R. L., 2s.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our "Human Document" fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises. We shall be glad to hear from others.

LONDON.—Mr. A. Skinner, "Crown and Anchor," 116, New Kent Road, 1d.; Mr. A. Hall, White Hart Football Club, "White Hart," Borough Road, 6s.; Mr. J. Raphael, "British Prince," Bromley Street, Stepney, 3½d.; M. J. A. Harris, "Beehive," Christian Street, 3d.; Mr. R. S. Tolputt, "The Crown," Crown Court, Fleet Street, 8d.; Mr. E. C. Gilforth, "King's Arms," 357, Cable Street, Stepney, 1s.; Mr. B. Barnett, 266, Devons Road, Bow, ½d.; Mr. G. Saunders, "Anchor and Hope," West Ferry Road, Millwall, 5½d.; "Sympathisers," 11s. 5d.; Mr. G. Nosworthy, "Duke of Cambridge," Boundary Road, Walthamstow, 1s.; Mr. J. Bastow, "Devon Arms," Morning Lane, Hackney, 4d.; Mr. H. Parr, "Coach and Horses," Matthias Road, N., 1d.; Mr. F. Duell, "The Clarendon," Mildmay Park, 2s. 8½d.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, 7d.; Mr. W. M. Hill, "The Crown," Mayfield Road, Dalston, 4d.; Mr. M. Hyatt, 88, Hanbury Street, Spitalfields, 1½d.; Mr. P. Brinkman, "Bricklayers' Arms," Charlotte Street, Old Street, 1s. 6d.; Mr. H. Selinger, 51, Milton Street, E.C., 1s. 5d.; Mr. H. N. Morgan, 226, High Street, Shoreditch, 6d.; Mr. I. Goldstein, "Bedford Arms," 1, Sandland Street, W.C., 2½d.; Mr. A. Chaplin, "Angel," 73, Lambeth Walk, 2s.; Mr. F. Shields, "The Cricketers," Newington Butts, 2d.; Mr. H. Pollack, "Carpenters' Arms," Dante Road, Newington Butts, 1s. 7d.; Mr. G. Edwards, "Clayton Arms," Kennington Oval, 2d.; "Sympathisers," 6s. 10½d.; Mr. A. E. Last, 251, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale, 1s. 1½d.; The Manager, 6, Buckingham Palace Road, 3d.; Messrs. Beauner and Co., 5, Southampton Row, 1s. 0½d.; Mr. M. Hyatt, 88, Hanbury Street, Spitalfields, 2d.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, 8d.; Mr. H. Parr, "Coach and Horses," Matthias Road, N., 1s.; Mr. W. M. Hill, "The Crown," Mayfield Road, Dalston, 1d.; Mr. W. F. Mills, 15, Arthur Road, Victoria Road, Stoke Newington, 1s. 11d.; Mr. H. Morgan, 226, High Street, Shoreditch, 4d.; Mr I. Goldstein, "The Bedford Arms," 1, Sandland Street, W.C., 2d.; Mr. Boltslawser, 151, Drury lane, 7d.; Mr. J. Hume, "Dalby Tavern," Dalby Street, Kentish Town, 1d.; Mr. M. J. Carolan, "The Crown," Prince of Wales Road, Kentish Town, 2d.; Mr. H. A. Lloyd, Assembly House, 293, Kentish Town Road, 7d.; Mr. B. Barney, 154, Kentish Town Road, 3s. 6d.; Mr. H. Atkin, 5, Penton Street, N.W., 3d.; Mrs. Wartman, "Butchers' Arms," 256, York Road, N., 1s.; Mr. J. H. Stribling, "Carpenters' Arms," 105, King's Cross Road, 6d.; Mr. L. Beurrier, 28, Orange Street, W.C., 2d.; Mr F. Tully, "Crown and Two Chairman," Dean Street, W., 1s.; Mr. J. O. Egan, "Black Lion," 272, High Road, Kilburn, 9½d.; Mr. A. Stribling, 33, Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, 3d.; Mr. W. Hirst, 63, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, 1d.; Mr. A. J Blowes, "The Colville," King's Road, Chelsea, 3½d.; Mr. A. Taylor, "The Albion," Sussex Street, S.W., 1½d.; Mr. T. Rawlings, "Bessborough Arms," Bessborough Place, 1d.; Mr. A. Heep, 3, Denbigh Place, S.W., 3s.; Mr. H. Chivers, 98, Wilton Road, S.W. 3d.; Mr. E. Butt, "The Rose," 86, Fulham Road 2½d.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. E. R. Bailey, 288, Arkwright Street, 5d.; Mr. F. Trout, "New Inn," Union Road, 1d.

LEICESTER.—Mr. J. Facer, 93, Dunton Street, 1s. 2d.; Mr. P. Bedford, 153, Upper Kent Street, 1s. 2d.; Mr. F. Fox, "Fish and Quart" Hotel, Church Gate, 11½d.; Mr. W. Boulton, 256, Humberstone Road, 7d.; Mr. W. J. Bailey, "Freemasons' Arms," Burley Lane, 5½d.; Miss M. A. Dudgeon, 40, Hinckley Road, 1d

Total £3 4s. 3¾d., of which we have allocated 10s. to CCXVIII., 10s. 4¾d. to CCXIX., 10s. to CCXXI., 12s. to CCXXII., and £1 1s. 11d. to CCXXIII.

POTTED POLITICAL PANTOS.

THE POLITICAL PLAYGROUND.

SCENE: *Library of the House of Commons.*

Enter MR. BONAR LAW.

MR. BONAR LAW (*soli.*):
It was a foolish slip
When I took on the Tory leadership,
A job which did more suitably belong
To Austen Chamberlain or Walter Long.
They at the Party game are far more apt,
And much less liable to be entrapped
By Asquith's cunningly constructed snares,
Wherein I often stumble unawares.
My Tory hacks are loyal—in the main—
Though their affection I shall never gain
As it was gained by Balfour. He's the knack
Of making friendly enemies, which I lack.
I hate the grinning Radicals, who sneer
And bite their thumbs at me when I appear;
They seem to mock my leadership; they say
I've only got one speech with which to play
The Party game—a string of strong abuse,
Now wearing rather thin from constant use.
Balfour they still respect, but not so me;
The reason why is quite unknown to me.

Enter SPIRIT OF BUSINESS GOVERNMENT, *who regards the speaker for a moment in mournful silence, then says:*
Thou faithless man! Did not you once profess
That your first principle was Business?
Did you not vow in future to attack
The system that evolves the Party Hack,
And ceaselessly the Party Giant to fence
With the keen, trusty sword of Commonsense?
What are you now? Where are the vows you made?
Broken, if not forgotten, I'm afraid.
Scorn the allegiance of the Tory crew,
Whose faith, *in opposition*, may be true,
But who, when time advances them to power,
May say "you're not the *man*, though 'tis the *hour*."

MR. BONAR LAW (*striding up and down in agitation*):
Impossible! How can I now retract,
And other than a Party leader act?
I must admit I hate the Party game,
But I, alas, must play it, all the same.

[SPIRIT OF BUSINESS GOVERNMENT *vanishes.*]

Enter TORY HACKS.

Chorus: Oh, Law, we've such a spree afoot—
You must excuse our jollity—
We see a chance again to put
The Rads in a minority!

MR. BONAR LAW:
What is the use? You know, if we defeat them
They are not likely to admit we beat them.
They won't resign—and just as well, I guess,
For things are in a most infernal mess.

Chorus of TORY HACKS:
We don't want them to resign,
That is far from our idea;
Though in the shade, we don't repine—
We've still four hundred pounds a year!
But look here, Bonar, all the same,
We like to play the Party game!

Fifty of us are concealed,
Waiting the division bell;
Think what sport such tactics yield,
How we shout and how we yell!
We don't want them to resign—
Recreation's our design.

MR. BONAR LAW (*after a moment's hesitation*):
All right. Lead on. Although, I must confess,
It may be fun, but it's not business.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

"A VERY POLITE LETTER-WRITER."

ANOTHER BLANK FOR THE LOTTERY-MONGER.

Like the origin of Jeannes de la Pluche, Westgate's £5,000 lottery prize seems to be "wropped in mystery." An ex-rifleman in the second K.F.F.—oddly enough, writing from Westgate Road, South Norwood—tells us that although his comrade is a "confounded fool," he is not as black as we would paint him. His champion admits he is not acquainted with details, but asserts that at about the latter end of 1909 it was announced in a Sunday paper that "a Rifleman Westgate, D Company, 4th K.R.R., had won £5,000 with a lottery ticket, and that he had expressed a wish to settle down on a farm in Norfolk." It will, however, be remembered that three years after he was thus stated to have won the money, Westgate was entering upon negotiations for the acquisition of a farm, and stated he had not been paid the amount. Then, again, there is the fact that although he was offering his hand to a "thorough sound milkmaid" and was apparently desirous of sharing his heart with her and the farmer, he was utilising the latter as an innocent agent in the forwarding of replies to a mercenary matrimonial advertisement which he had inserted. He was not even patriotic enough to restrict his affections to his countrywomen, for we have before us a letter which he addressed to a Munich lady, who apparently advertised in a London paper for a life partner. Literally counting his chickens before they were hatched, he says:—

> I am at present in India am thinking of returning to England again shortly to take up my Farming Business which is very profitable and on a very Large scale. Well to put questions more plainly I require a Single Lady as Companion Secretary to me I do a Lot of travelling I am also willing to prepared to Invest Capital for her in my Farms & Stock & Shares—so you will quite understand I require a Lady of Means willing to Invest in same, the Lady that excepts the Appointment will be treated as homely as she requires an Pony and trap will also be at her convenience. The Farms are situated in a most Healthy situation with seaside near at hand. Should you wish to take up the Appointment kindly state if willing to Invest and amount which will be fully guaranteed to good Profit.
>
> Fine chance of becoming Friendly to English Society when writing state age and all full Particulars Photo if possible which will be returned. Solicitors References Given if required also Bankers.

This reference to bankers and solicitors is somewhat surprising, for, as our readers are aware, at the date Westgate made it—August 22nd last—he was appealing, unsuccessfully, to the Norfolk man to advance him even £50, with which to return home from India. It will be seen that Westgate is evidently a believer in the power of the purse in Society—with a capital S. But in this case, as in that of the canny old farmer, the matrimonial-cum-financial lottery-monger has drawn a blank.

BUNKUM AT BRISTOL.

CRANKS IN THE COCOA CITY.

A Bristol correspondent, apropos of our paragraph in regard to the absurd action of the County Council in refusing a licence to the London Hippodrome, tells us that the metropolis has no monopoly of cranks or "old women." For instance, in his city there is a flagrant anomaly which makes the place a laughing-stock. In the centre of Bristol is a large building known as the "Coliseum," which was constructed as a skating rink and is now sometimes used for an industrial exhibition, but as a rule is empty. When the founders applied for a full licence it was refused, and during the spasmodic function of a rink or exhibition being held no refreshments but tea and coffee and other "temperance" concoctions can be obtained; but it is only necessary to place in the building a few dogs, cats, poultry, rats and mice, and call it a fancy show, and a full licence is granted without demur! The citizens are wondering why, but surely the inhabitants of a place whose Corporation has recently expended £97 for killing a few crickets when a load or two of lime would have done the trick, should be surprised at nothing. Our friend also tells us that all the soft jobs go to ex-policemen, though they are of course advertised in the legal way. But Bristol has no monopoly of this anomaly!

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Williams' Shaving Stick gives a quick, abundant and lasting lather, which softens the beard and possesses unique emollient and antiseptic properties which leave the skin soothed and refreshed.

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S.H.B.

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Your boys will be delighted with a Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. RILEY'S MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLES give a perfect game—so truly are they proportioned. Prices from £4/7/6. The 6ft. 4in. size at £5/5/0 is suitable for most rooms. Riley's Combine Billiard and Dining Tables from £13/10/0. Cash or easy payments. These prices include all accessories.

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THE MOST ECONOMICAL WAY OF FURNISHING THE HOME.

How to Combine Artistic Effect with Economical Purchases and to obtain really BEST quality furniture by a new and simple method of Small Payments out of Income.

Furniture Bargains that Every Lover of the Home will Desire to Secure.

The days are long past when the place where one lived was a place to retire to after the day's business had been forgotten until the business round commenced the next day.

To-day the home—whether bachelor flat, cosy suburban residence, country or town house—marks the man or woman, for good or ill. It sets a stamp upon your character that at once places your social position, and even in business life plays a distinct and important part.

Comfort, elegance, ease—all these a well-furnished home will afford you; but to-day one must regard it from a new standpoint—a business asset.

There is, of course, no need to cripple one's resources by the purchase of furniture in large quantities for cash, for to-day, thanks to the pioneer work of a well-known cash furnishing house, it is possible to obtain the very best furniture that London can produce, and arrange for the payment for the same out of income.

Everybody knows Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, Ltd., of 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, approached the question of deferred payments for comfortable, better-furnished homes from an entirely different standpoint from any other firm. They are not a credit house—that is, a house where all goods are made to sell on show on deferred payments that show the manufacturer's large profits.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander control an enormous business in cash furnishing, but anyone, no matter whether they desire large or small quantities of furniture—single articles such as a more comfortable divan chair, a sideboard, a Chesterfield, or a whole house or flat of furniture, can choose from the firm's splendid *cash* stock, and arrange terms of payment over a period just to suit personal convenience and individual requirements.

This is where Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander can offer those who desire furniture such distinct advantages. They place at the disposal of all a cash stock of furniture unrivalled for quality in the world. There are no inflated prices in case you should desire to defer payment. The cash figures are clearly marked on all articles, and you are cordially invited to call at any time and roam at your leisure through the beautiful showrooms, so that you may judge of the splendid value, the strict moderation in prices, and the exquisite designs in a stock of furniture no other furnishing house in London can compete with.

The keynote of the enormous business that Wolfe and Hollander have built up is "quality"—the production of long-wearing, serviceable, beautifully designed articles marked in clear figures at prices that bear a strict relation to their real value.

When you enter the Wolfe and Hollander showrooms you enter as a cash customer, you select your goods at cash prices, and if when you have made your list you think you would like to extend payments over a period you are quite welcome to do so, and all that you are asked to do for this extra convenience is to pay the slight extra charge of 5 per cent., or one shilling in the pound. No matter where you may live you may take advantage of these conditions and furnish your home or add to your present stock by small payments out of income.

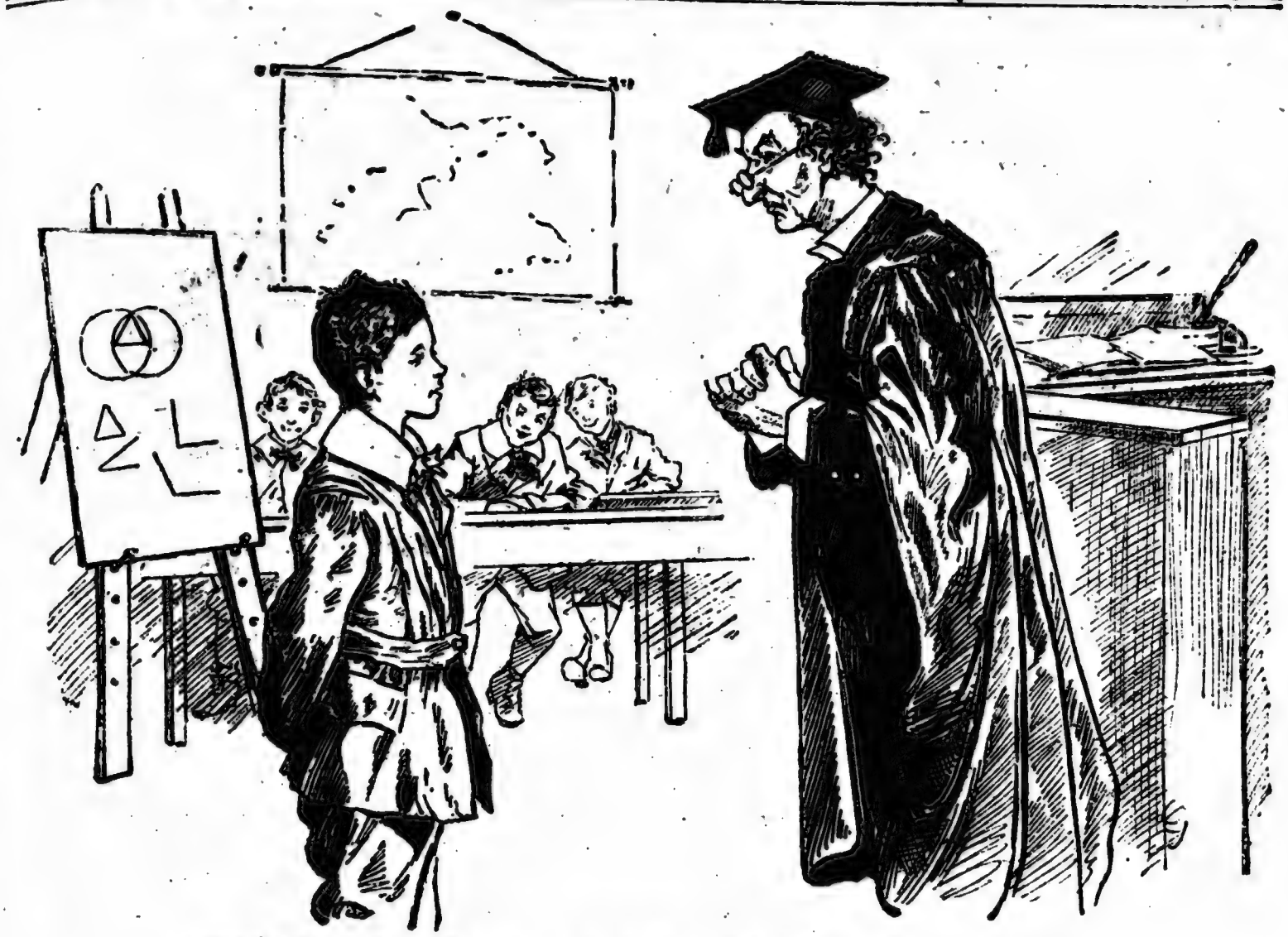
Residents in or near to London are cordially invited to call at the Wolfe and Hollander showrooms, and, irrespective of the question of purchase, your visit will be welcome, for the directors are always pleased to show their magnificent stock and to explain how advantageously the very best quality furniture can be secured.

Residents in the provinces share equal advantages with those in London, for to those unable to call the directors will send a really magnificently illustrated album illustrating their varied and beautiful range of furniture. No charge whatsoever is made for this free album, and to secure a copy it is sufficient to send your name and address to Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, Ltd., 252-256, Tottenham Court Road.

To their already gigantic stock of modern furniture Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have added a new department for the sale of exact reproductions of antique models of Jacobean, Chippendale, Adams and other furniture, and really exceptionally beautiful specimens are obtainable at quite trivial cost.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have also a second-hand department, where bargains in single articles, suites, or a whole house or flat of furniture are always obtainable.

If you are furnishing or re-furnishing, call at Wolfe and Hollander's showrooms, or write for their beautifully illustrated furniture book.



SCHOOLMASTER: "Why were you absent yesterday?"
BOY: "You said I could have a holiday, sir."
MASTER: "Nonsense; when you asked me I said 'No! No'!!"
BOY: "Yes, sir, but you always tell us that two negatives make an affirmative."

EAVESDROPPING AT THE 'PHONE.

By Our Pet Hello Girl.

CANADA CAUSES CONSTERNATION.

"'Allo! . . . 'Allo! . . . Is dot der Sherman Embassy? . . . Goot! . . . Tell der Chief I wand to sbeak mit him. . . . Ja! I'll hold der line. . . . Sh! Is dot der Chief? . . . Goot! . . . Speak low, und do not sbeak my name at der 'phone. . . . Dere may be zomeone dot listens. . . ."

"Very goot, your maj—er—quide so, sire—er—I mean *sir*—. . . Vot is your bleasure mit me?"

"You haf read der news, ja? about Canada und de British Navy? . . . How is der news received in London?'

"Mit gread enthusiasm. . . . Der Breetish beople are delighded. . . . Dey joomp mit joy. . . . Dey say 'Dis will put a sboke in Shermany's vheel.'"

"Is der offer of var-sheeps by der Indian brinces gonvirmed yet?"

"Nein. . . . But I haf reasons for believing dot it is drue."

"Is der offer of a Dreadnought by der Malay Sdades gonvirmed?"

"Ja . . . und it is agcebded. . . ."

"Hemmel! Vot else?"

"It is exbegded dot Australia, New Zealand, und Sud Africa vil vollow suit ver soon."

"Donner! Vot else?"

"Der Virst Lord of der Admiralty hass ingreased der pay of der Navy. Der sailors are more gondent. Der loyalty of der Breetish Jack Tar is gomblete. . . ."

"Vot are ve to do? . . . If der Breetish Colonies are going to gondribute to der Breetish Navy ve sall haf no chance in a few years . . . ve musd zdrike ver zoon, eh?"

"Dot vos zo."

"Ha! . . . Nexd year, ja?"

"Ja; nexd year vould be best. Der zooner der bedder."

"Bud, vaid a minute. John Bull has been urging der Breetish Governmend to fight now, hass it nod, because der Breetish Navy is sdronger dan der Sherman at der bresend, ja?"

"Ja; dot vos zo."

"Den ve musd at vunce embroil der Breetish in der Balkan War, zome'ow, zo dot dey musd zend sheeps to der Mediterranean to brodect Egypt, ja? Den der Home Fleet vould be weagened, und ve could attack zem ven dere 'ands vos full. It vould be best to attack dem in der vinter months, ja?"

"Vy, sire?—er—I mean *sir?*"

"Because der Breetish sheeps haf no heating apparatus to keeb der sailors warm, und no man can fight ven he iss gold."

"Ha, ha, ha! . . . Dot vos ver funny!"

"You laugh. . . . Vy you laugh, eh?"

"You do nod know der Breetish sailor if you dink dot. Der Breetish sailor care noddings for der gold. He vil fight in any wedder, sire" (*Gurr-rip-rip-burrr-zip!*)

"Be gareful! Do nod sbeak to me zo. . . . Der gurr at der Exchange may listen. . . ."

"Pardon. . . . It vos a slib off der dongue."

"Bud I haff mine sheeps heated vor der gomfort of der Sherman sailors. Derefore dey must fight bedder don der Breetish, ja?"

"Do nod gount od dot. . . . Der Breetish sailors are hard as nails. . . . Dey care noddings for der wedder."

"Ve sall see, ven der Daag gomes. . . . Meanvile, be ver friendly mit der Breetish boliticians. Do nod led dem get vind off mine indentions. Den ve vill sbring a gurread surbrize on dem, ja!"

"Ja; dot vos so."

"Ver goot. . . . You understand, eh? Goot daag."

"Goot daag, size—er—I mean *sir*. . . ."

["You must not use such bad language on the 'phone. I shall have to ring you off and report you to the Superintendent. . . ." *Ting-a-ling-a-ling.*]

Let us provide your Christmas dinner. See page 830.

OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Right Hon. Lord Haldane, Lord High Chancellor.

SIR,—Permit me to direct your attention to the conduct of Mr. David Thomas, Chairman of Magistrates at Porth. Two men were charged by the police with using bad language in the street. Both of them denied the offence, and one of them, a man named Johnson, expressed a wish to give evidence on his own behalf. "Now we don't want to listen to any sermon of yours," remarked the magistrate as the man entered the box, adding as he was leaving it, "You must not come here to try to make out the police to be liars, because you are one yourself." Johnson having been disposed of by a fine of a sovereign, the other man, named Dyer, said he wished to call a witness in his defence. "If you brought half-a-dozen witnesses to give evidence here I should not believe them," snapped the magistrate. "If you were as innocent and clean on the highway as you are in court the Rhondda Valley would be different." I have no means of offering an opinion on the merits of these cases. What I am concerned with is the question whether a gentleman who misbehaves himself in this outrageous way on the magisterial bench is a fit and proper person to be entrusted with the administration of the law. I submit to you, my dear Lord Haldane, that the answer is most emphatically in the negative. I go further and say that the magistrate should himself be prosecuted. He is simply assembling to create a nuisance and using an enclosed place for an unlawful purpose. Pray attend to him at once.

JOHN BULL.

To J. T. Williams, Esq., The Grove, Llanginning.

SIR,—This is to inform you, the Chairman of the Carmarthen Board of Guardians, that its recent proceedings in regard to certain old people who have not applied for their Pensions have excited considerable disgust. One case was that of an old lady, 86 years of age, receiving 5s. 6d. a week, another that of a lady of 81 receiving 6s. a week, another that of an old man of 87, receiving 6s. a week, the relief in each instance being reduced to 4s. 6d., with the object of compelling these poor people, with their faces turned towards the grave, to accept this inadequate State pension for the little time they have to live, and so save the Guardians a few paltry shillings. It is characteristic Bumbleism, sir. Even the saving is doubtful. Sooner or later it will probably be absorbed in increasing the salary of some official or other, and on that occasion I shall expect to see every Bumble on your Board in a state of enthusiasm as wild as it is woolly. Have the goodness to convey these sentiments to your colleagues at your earliest opportunity.

JOHN BULL.

To C. Duncan, Esq., M.P., Whip of the Labour Party, House of Commons.

STRENUOUS LABOURAL,—It much grieves me to notice that you have had a row with our old Radical friend, Sir William Byles, as to which of you is entitled to the possession of a certain seat convenient for catching the Speaker's eye. As I understand it, Byles put his card there, and while he was listening to prayers through the keyhole of the door of the sacred chamber you removed his card and annexed his seat, which you claimed as belonging to the Labour Party. The funny thing, of course, is that it belongs to neither of you. Right of possession of any particular seat in the House is possible only under certain usually acknowledged conditions involving mutual courtesy, and my own view is that if two gentlemen of the House think it worth while to dispute the conditions they should go into Palace Yard and fight to a knock-out under Marquis of Queensberry rules. At present not one of your august assembly, I make this suggestion with proper deference.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor C. P. Simmonds, Mayor of Newport, Monmouth.

DEAR YOUR WORSHIP,—Not many people in Newport will think any the better of Mr. Councillor Pardoe Thomas for moving the rejection of the names of Alderman Clifford Phillips and Councillors Blackburn and Moxon from the list of members nominated because they were connected with the licensed trade! This is a form of insult by no means uncommon to the teetotal bigot. What is meant by it is that because a man is in the licensed trade he cannot be trusted to behave like a public-spirited citizen on a committee which controls the police force of the town. It is an affront the more pointed and outrageous in the case of Alderman Phillips and Councillor Blackburn because as Mayors and Chief Magistrates they have held the highest civic honours their fellow-townsmen can confer upon them. If a man is honourable enough to be entrusted with the functions of magistracy and with the presidency of the Town Council, surely he is honourable enough to serve on the Watch Committee, no matter what his business or occupation may be; if it is fitting for a man whose teetotalism keeps him in constant and usually virulent and injudicial opposition to the Trade to sit on a Watch Committee, there can be no challenge to the fitness of men connected with that trade in also sitting on such a committee. Your Worship will agree that the sense of right and justice will neither live nor die with a town councillor or anybody else merely because he confines his liquid refreshment to the limpid waters of a pump.

It is not within my personal knowledge that Councillor Pardoe Thomas is a teetotaler, but as the teetotaler is as a rule less temperate in his language than in his cups, the fact that he called Councillor Moxon a "blackguard" and a "cad" almost persuades me that I should not be far wrong if I assumed his hydropathic rabidity. Your Worship will please inform him of my sentiments, adding that, as this is his first offence so far as I know, I have let him off with a caution.

JOHN BULL.

To Cecil M. Chapman, Esq., Southwark Police Court.

MAGISTERIAL SIR,—I have observed with sorrow not unmixed with surprise that your wife has taken it on herself to defy the laws of the realm by refusing to pay Inhabited House Duty in respect of a cottage she owns at Roehampton, Surrey, and that the authorities have found it necessary to levy execution by seizing a gold watch and chain belonging to her. Your good lady, it appears, is a member of the Women's Tax Resistance League, and a firm adherent to the Suffragist principle, "No vote, no tax." I am astounded that a gentleman occupying your judicial position should permit rebellion against the law to find a footing in your own household, and that you have failed to prevail upon the lady who promised to love, honour, and obey you, to conform to the laws of the land. Could you not rig up a room in your house in the semblance of a cell, and give her, unofficially, fourteen days in the first division? Otherwise, it seems that not only is a prophet without honour in his own country, but a magistrate is without authority in his own household also. I commiserate with you. You are in an invidious position.

JOHN BULL.

To President Fallieres, Elysee Palace, Paris.

Tell your newspaper editors not to worry so much about Britain and Germany being nice to each other just now. Our *entente* is as cordial as ever.

JOHN BULL.

To Birrell, Chief Secretary Ireland, Dublin Castle.

Advice you gave public in your rectorial address Glasgow to "think seriously" very good, but afraid in trying live up to it humorists like you will find it no joke.

BULL.

To Sir Hereward Wake, Bart., Waltham Abbey.

Sorry to read your statement at tenants' dinner that in consequence wicked Lloyd George you presently not be able afford pair new boots. But cheer up. It's never too late to mend. By the way, any relation to Kingsley's Hereward?

BULL.

"Bullets"—the best-judged Competition.

PROVISIONAL PRESENTS.

(Canada, in "presenting" three Super-Dreadnoughts to the Imperial Navy, reserves to herself the right to take them back whenever she desires.)

CANADA: "There, Johnny, there are three beautiful big ships for you!"
JOHNNY BULL: "Oh, thank you! How lovely! And they're really mine to keep?"
CANADA: "Yes—<u>until I want them back again.</u>"

THE IDLE RICH.

THE STORY OF A DAY OF TOIL.

By Richard Morton.

The Idle Rich is so frequently set up as a kind of Aunt Sally to throw hard words at, that one is moved to consider his case out of sheer sympathy.

Do we realise how busy the Idle Rich man really is? His is a day of such strenuous endeavour that it is wonderful how he manages to live through it. Take one day of his life in town; it bulges with work and worry.

First of all, it is necesssary that he should wake up. This is a feat he can seldom accomplish off his own bat; the toil of the previous day has been too much for him. So his man is deputed to arouse him gently, by degrees. At nine, the man looks into the bedchamber and coughs. At nine-thirty the man kicks a chair. At ten, he tears the curtains open so that the rings rattle. The Idle Rich mutters things that are not prayers, and is presently led to his perfumed bath. After that, he has to be dressed. Imagine, if you can, the hard work he goes through while his socks are being put on by his man.

His next duty is to look at his breakfast, and the effort makes him feel faint. Literature calls for consideration at this juncture, so he opens his *Sportsman* and takes notes of some horses he seems obliged to back. Handling the newspaper makes him feel that he is keeping himself in touch with the affairs of his country. So he does not begrudge the labour of writing out a few telegrams to his bookmaker.

Money and Misery.

Afterwards, it is necessary for him to get into his car and be driven to his club. There he will meet and say "How do?" to various other toilers, and will procure attendants to bring him certain medicines to guard him against the fatigues of his hustling, bustling hours. He has to ring a bell before he can get them.

Luncheon has to be faced. Should this be a light day, he will take it at the club, where the brain-work consequent upon conversation with his fellow-members is of a magnitude to appal one. But he usually has a more serious employment for the luncheon hour.

He will find by a note in the diary he is compelled to keep that he is due at the Hotel Splendid to entertain little Polly Pool at the mid-day meal, either *solus*, or in company with other actresses and Idle Rich men. The only relief he gets at a function like this is that he is not expected to talk. It would be too much fag. The girls will talk enough for all the party. His only duty is to pay.

The Worries of Wealth.

After luncheon there is the afternoon to dispose of, and this is a time of real stress and worry. Until you have known what it is to wonder what to do with yourself all the afternoon, you cannot know what hard work is.

The Idle Rich will perhaps put in his time buying Polly Pool some flowers and a trinket or two and driving her home for her beauty sleep before the evening performance. This labour ended, he returns to his club and fulfils his mission in life by losing some money at cards.

Then—for there is no rest for him—back to his rooms to be dressed for dinner. The poor fellow often has to have his clothes changed several times a day.

He is obliged to dine either with a lot of people he cares nothing about, or with one person who cares nothing about him, though he thinks she does.

After dinner, the theatre; usually to see a silly show he has seen so often that he begins to wonder what it is all about. It is wearisome work, work that tells on a man, to see the same musical comedy thirty or forty times, but the Idle Rich knows it is one of the tasks to which he is condemned, and that he must go through with it. The weary walk, between each apparently interminable act, to the refreshment buffet causes his limbs to ache.

Supper follows the theatre, and Polly and Co. are there. Polly and Co. have rooms, and have to be escorted home to them. Then there is the club again, and bridge, and more money that must be lost, and small bottles and large cigars, and then—off to his own bed, by the side of which stands his man, waiting to peel the clothes off him.

And yet the demagogues say the Idle Rich is idle!

SAD STORIES.

By Leopold Spero.

An Insurance Agent, wandering alone in a Forest, was met by a Hungry Lion, who proceeded to Attack him with the Greatest Ferocity. As the Lion Sprang, however, the Agent, with Ready Wit, thrust down its Mouth one of the Company's Special Policies. This was more than the Poor Beast could Swallow, and it Perished miserably of Actuarial Indigestion, and now does excellent service as a Hearthrug in the Insurance Agent's house. Which only shows how necessary it is to Look before you Leap.

* * *

An Elderly Spinster, who had spent many fruitless Christmases under the Mistletoe, was Wise enough on the last Occasion to take up her Position outside the Open Door of a Room wherein a Merry Party was Playing at Blind Man's Buff. In the Course of Which, an Eminently Eligible Young Man, who had been Blindfolded, blundered across the Threshold, and Seizing the Lady, exclaimed, "I've got you." Which was True enough. Furthermore, She had Him, as Events Afterwards showed; the Moral being, that it's no Use removing the Bandage after you've put your Foot in it.

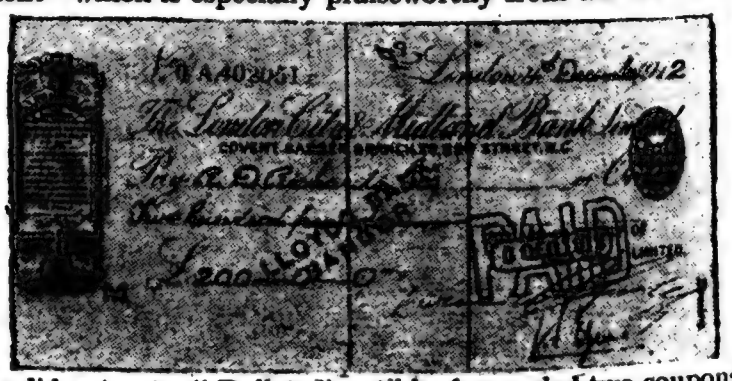
* * *

A Tertium Quid, on his Way to the House of Someone's Wife, was Stopped by a Clergyman who had Heard of his Goings-on. In answer to Severe Questions, the Tertium Quid said, "Yes, that's all very Well. But who's to Keep my Appointment with the Lady?" "I," said the Clergyman, sternly. "It will be a good opportunity for me to Reprove your Partner in Iniquity." Which it Would have been, had not the Reverend Gentleman found waiting for him not the Lady, but her Husband, who Suspected rather than Respected the Cloth, and would hear no explanations. The Moral of which is that the Man who takes in Other Folks' Washing deserves to be Mangled.

OUR SEVENTH "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

£200 FOR FAMOUS FOOTBALLER.

All followers of the great open-air game will be pleased to learn that the £200 forming the first prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 7 has fallen to Mr. R. D. Richards, of Bangor, Chairman for the fifth year of the North Wales Coast League. The business-like manner in which he has so satisfactorily fulfilled the duties of this responsible post evidently stand him in good stead in other departments of life. Mr. Richards is a Vice-President of the North Wales Association, a referee whose decisions are unanimously respected, and a leading figure in football politics. Sportsmen all over the country have overwhelmed him with congratulations upon his latest great achievement—which is especially praiseworthy from the fact that



he did not enter "Bullets" until he forwarded two coupons in respect of Competition No. 6—when he "struck oil" at once, receiving a consolation prize. All the world now knows how bountifully he was rewarded for his next effort—for a few minutes' thought and a postal order for sixpence resulted in the winning of the handsome sum of £200.

As one whose profession and hobby have accustomed him to judging the efforts of others, he considers that our plan of reading each coupon a second time "undoubtedly brings to light any small omissions." He is also of opinion that "'Bullets' are instructive and educational; they help to increase the vocabulary, and certainly add interest to the life of one who lives in 'digs.'"

Last week of our special Christmas offer. See page 830.

THE MAN WHO IS CURING THE NATION'S EYESIGHT.

How a Famous London Specialist's Wonderful Discovery is Bringing Perfect Sight to Thousands Whose Eyesight Has Been Ruined by Too Much Study, Too Close Work, or Failing Through Age.

A Splendid Boon Which Gives Back Strong, Youthful Sight and Overcomes the Necessity for Expensive and Disfiguring Glasses.

England is waking up, to find that in the centre of her roaring, seething metropolis has happened one of those wonderful discoveries that form the scientific landmarks of a century.

Without one atom of fuss or comment, hundreds of men and women who are lacking in that first of all blessings—good sight—are reaping the astonishing advantage of regaining perfect vision as the result of a discovery by a leading London Eyesight Specialist.

The recoveries of sight effected in the sufferer's own home, in all manner of conditions of eye weakness, old age, dimming of vision, faulty focus of the eyes, etc., etc., have now reached sensational proportions, and every day there are demonstrations of eyesight restoration positively amazing in their results.

It is only a short time ago that Mr. John Levison, the great eyesight specialist, found and proved to his own satisfaction the basic principle of his wonderful discovery by which the short-sighted, the weak-sighted, those with tired, old eyes, eyes worn out with long study or overwork, those whose vision is old and blurred, those with red, aching, running eyes, are now realising that they can be cured speedily and permanently.

GREAT PUBLIC INTEREST IN NEW DISCOVERY.

No scientific discovery of modern times has aroused so much interest, for Mr. John Levison's consulting-rooms are thronged with a host of defective-sighted people, all eager for the advice they know will bring them back the power of being able to see well.

In a few months this London specialist has become famous through a number of sensational cures of eyesight weakness by a treatment which is scientifically accurate in every detail.

Men to whom the possession of good sight is all the difference between keeping a position and losing it—men who realise that as the years go on their glasses have changed from being helpful friends to troublesome and expensive necessities—women whose loss of sight forbids them half the enjoyment of life—old men, young men bespectacled before their time, these are the groups that fill Mr. Levison's consulting-rooms, eagerly waiting his decision whether his discovery will benefit their cases.

And in addition there is, by every post, a stream of letters from every corner of the kingdom testifying to the fact how insidious is this scourge of eyesight trouble, and what a fortunate thing it is that there has at last been discovered a means, not merely of giving temporary aid, but of actually re-establishing the power of vision clearly and permanently.

Letters from workers—the burly miner—the tired-eyed weaver—carpenters—an engineer fearful of facing his strict sight test, and again from the schoolmaster, the scientist, the society man and woman—all are anxious to know if their glasses can be thrown away, and they may once more see clearly.

Mr. Levison replies to one and all: "There are," he says, "21,000,000 eyesight sufferers in the country, and if they want to be cured and rid of the necessity for glasses that are a constant source of bother and expense, and which can never really cure their sight, they have only to write, and I will tell them of my new discovery."

MR. LEVISON HAS NO "CURE-ALL" NOSTRUM TO SELL. He says: "Write to me and I will tell you briefly and concisely whether your case is one that my new discovery will benefit, and, without hesitation, explain what my treatment is."

His post alone in the morning is amazing, for letter after letter pours in upon him with thanks of a grateful public who realise that they are at last released from the greatest affliction that could befall them—eyesight decay.

DELIGHT OF WORKERS WHOSE SIGHT IS SAVED.

Here is a letter from an engine-driver, who but a few weeks ago failed to pass his sight examination, but who now records the fact that, thanks to Mr. Levison's discovery, the doctor has passed him.

Another letter, from a man of 60, who believed himself inevitably doomed to gradual loss of sight. Now he sees clearly. Another letter, and yet another, from men and women, saying they have at last discarded their spectacles, and so on throughout the whole list of amazing letters.

These letters prove clearly that in practically every form of eyesight trouble Mr. Levison's treatment is proving a splendid success, whether it be weak sight, short sight, long sight, failing sight, eyesight headache, watery eyes, old sight, blurring, etc.

No matter what your age may be, young or old, 60, 70, or even 80, if your sight is failing there is the possibility that the new discovery will restore your vision perfectly, and that you will be able to see once more with all the clearness of youth.

FREE ADVICE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

Precious as Mr. Levison's time is when dealing with the hosts of cases that pour in upon him, he nevertheless makes no charge whatsoever for consultation. He sees every patient that visits him, and in the privacy of his consulting-room tells them exactly whether his treatment is suitable for their case or not.

In spite of the fact that numbers of people write him saying they are willing to pay any price so long as they can get back their once youthful sight, Mr. Levison's treatment is not for the wealthy alone.

"My treatment is to be a universal treatment," says Mr. Levison, "which everybody may enjoy, and so simple is it, so perfectly safe and so easy to adopt, that were a little child ailing she could cure herself without any trouble in the spare minutes of her playtime." The enormous success of this great eyesight discovery will stamp the close of the year 1912 as a phenomenal record in scientific progress, for there are countless numbers who, previous to this time, suffered from all forms of eyesight weakness, who now, thanks to Mr. Levison, are able to see clearly.

It must be borne in mind, however, that Mr. Levison will not under any conditions accept any case for treatment, whether the application is by post or in person, unless he is satisfied that his method will either completely cure, or at least lead to very considerable benefit.

This is one reason especially why old people and those who imagine their eyesight incurable should lose no time in consulting Mr. Levison, as on describing fully as possible the nature of their trouble they will be told at once whether this is the case or not.

Mr. Levison is not the unapproachable specialist. He is a specialist whom anybody may see, and although his consulting rooms at 64, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, London, W., are daily crowded, he will spare a few moments in which to consider your case, but if you are unable to call at his Institute to witness the remarkable eyesight demonstration, and to see the actual records of those who are now cured, you are invited to write to him for particulars of his wonderful treatment, or if you will tell him what is the nature of your trouble he will explain at once whether he considers his treatment will benefit your case.

If you are an eyesight sufferer there is no need to delay one day longer. You can learn how your sight can be restored speedily and effectively by a wonderful, simple method which will occupy but a few moments daily of your time.

Cut out and forward for free book on Mr. John Levison's wonderful Eyesight Discovery.

To Mr. JOHN LEVISON,
64, Wigmore St., Cavendish Square, London, W.

Please send me your book on "How to Improve Weak and Failing Sight." I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

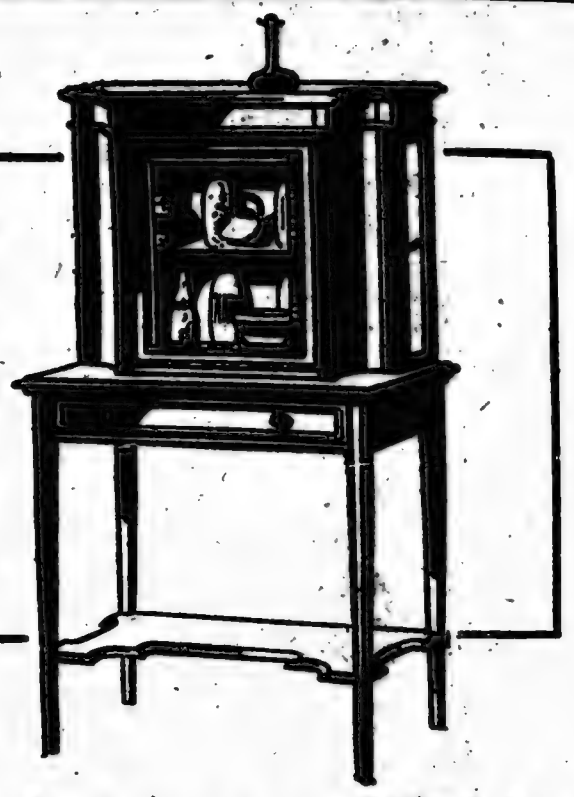
J.B. 14/12/12. .....

Oak Bureau Bookcase, with leaded light door

£3.3.0

Pretty Inlaid Sheraton Style China Cabinet

£2.12.6



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in our showrooms. Hundreds of artistic and really serviceable presents—gifts that will be appreciated—are to be found in the large collection of beautifully designed and well-made furniture we stock. Every article can be purchased on our Gradual Payment System which has proved so successful for 50 years.
No interest, no deposit and no charges.

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£20	...	...	0	11	0
£50	...	...	1	8	0
£100	...	...	2	5	0
£200	...	...	4	10	0
£500	...	...	11	5	0
£1,000	...	...	22	10	0

Or by any proportionate payments to suit purchaser's convenience.

Second-Hand Department.

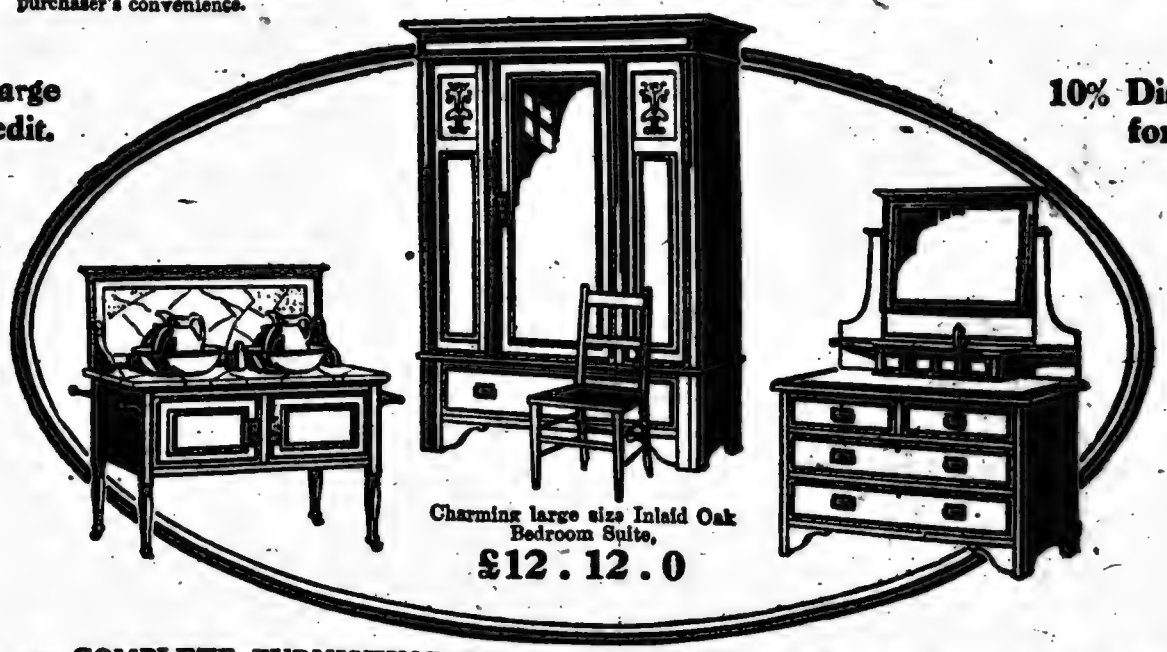
We have in this department alone a stock valued at considerably over £10,000. A special catalogue is issued weekly, and will be forwarded post free on application.

Railway Fares Paid on Country Orders.

In order that Country Customers may make a personal selection we pay their fares to town on all orders of £20 and upwards. Country orders packed and delivered free.

No Charge for Credit.

10% Discount for Cash.



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Hours—9 till 8. Close at 1 o'clock on Saturdays.

SKETCHES IN COURT.

NO. 6.—THE RIGHT HON. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P.

By Tabbrna.

Mr. F. E. Smith at forty has reached a place to which many men aspire at sixty. He is a great force at the Bar, one of the handful of members of his profession whose services, no matter what the fee, are in universal demand. He is a great force in politics, a man who carried himself at a stroke into the foremost rank of his party. The signal honour of a Privy Councillorship received while "the other side" were in office may be regarded as distinction offered freely to eminence, and irresistible claim.

For a time there was a tendency to treat this amazing person as a youthful prodigy of all the talents. The son of a barrister, he himself was a barrister at twenty-three. For ten years he was one of the most prominent of Oxford's young men: President of the Union, Honoursman, Law Scholar, Lecturer, Fellow of Merton. As a junior counsel, he won fame not only in his native Birkenhead and in London, but all over the country. At thirty-four he entered Parliament, and in his first session made a reputation which gave new heart to the drooping spirits of Unionism. Simultaneously, his rise in the regions of the law mounted to such an extent that at thirty-six he took silk.

There are few busier men in England. Appearances in Court, faithful attendance at Westminster, the reading of briefs are such trifles to his energy that in addition he makes speeches in the provinces, hunts and dances in their due seasons, and as a journalist is a prolific contributor to the press. People ask, How does he do it? and proceed to think of perpetual motion.

The answer is exquisitely simple—Aptitude, Application—and an infinite capacity for making others help him. The late Mr. Samuel Smiles would have rejoiced in him, would have written of him a beautiful chapter to be an instruction to all following generations. For Mr. Smith is a self-made man in the best sense of that much-abused term.

In appearance he is slender, sleek, well dressed and of professional gravity. His face is long and oval, though without the least suspicion of that melancholy which seems to go so often with this feature in other men. The nose is long and thin; and of the kind that is an index of an adventurous disposition. The mouth is habitually compressed, and droops a little at the corners. The voice is singularly pleasant, and so skilfully used and modulated that it is possible to listen to it throughout a long speech without irritation or fatigue. Mr. Smith usually speaks somewhat rapidly in direct narration, but he is also master of a slower current of words with which he can do the most deadly execution. At one time he was too parenthetical in the expression of his thoughts.

Both in politics and in Court Mr. Smith has a useful gift of quiet sarcasm that very rarely fails to be extremely disconcerting to those at whom it is levelled. It is shown as effectively in cross-examination as in speeches, and it consists as much of his manner as of what he actually says. There is a quiet drawl (as of ineffable contempt) in the voice; a note of righteous indignation follows it; after that—the deluge!

What of the future? Who shall say? Will he give up the law to follow politics, or will he give up politics to follow the law? People say the former. Perhaps he will continue to combine the two and will survey the world from the Woolsack in the House of Lords; and that, on the whole, seems the best solution of the problem. It will avoid collision with one or two of the older Front Bench school who look somewhat aghast at his torrential invasion,

NO MORE INFLUENZA:

A FREE PRESCRIPTION THAT DOES ITS WORK INSTANTLY.

From a correspondent: "A friend handed me the following prescription that he said he had cut from the paper: Go to the nearest chemist's shop and get 60 grains of Kephaldol in tablet form. For colds take two or three tablets, with a warm drink when going to bed, and two more the first thing in the morning. To relieve pain take two tablets at once, and then one every hour till relieved.

"It seems strange that such a simple prescription can do so much. I afterwards found out that the prescription originally came from a professor in one of the famous Vienna hospitals. Be that as it may, the next morning my cold was completely gone. I now always keep the prescription handy, and if any member of my family is suffering from colds or pain of any kind, whether Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, etc., we immediately resort to the tablets, and are always assured of instant relief."

You Can Change Your Complexion

Mme. Béatrice Chevalier.

I wonder if many of my women readers realise that it is possible to actually remove the outside complexion to a considerable extent. The young, fresh, vigorous complexion, just underneath the sallow, faded, blotchy or wrinkled outer complexion is very beautiful. It is only waiting to be released from the stifling and ugly outer veil which years of exposure, cosmetics, harmful soaps and face creams have produced.

Many clever women have come to realise this and are using a most ingenious method of retaining their youthful appearance. For this purpose they use a little good jettaline, such as any Chemist can supply. About three-and-sixpence worth should be sufficient. They apply the jettaline for a few nights, like cold cream, and wash it off in the mornings. It seems to gradually absorb the lifeless and ugly outer skin in tiny microscopic flakes, thus revealing the clear, firm, youthful complexion underneath. The process is very pleasant. Certainly it seems an ideal way to regain and retain one's youthful appearance.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

How to make better cough syrup than you can buy.

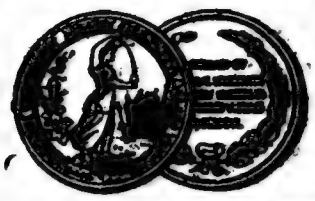
A full half-pint of Cough Syrup—as much as you could buy for 10s.—can easily be made at home for about 2s. 6d.

Secure from your chemist 1 oz. of "Parmint" (Double Strength): take this home and add to it a quarter of a pint of hot water and 4 ozs. of granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take 1 tablespoonful 4 times a day. This will give instant relief, and will usually cure the most obstinate cough within 24 hours, while ordinary cases of influenza may be completely cured in 2 or 3 days. It is pleasant to take, and is extremely valuable in cases of incipient Lung Troubles. It is strongly recommended by Physicians, as its nourishing elements give renewed strength to those who have become weak through prolonged illness. This recipe has often been published, and Local Chemists say for the last two years there has been a wonderful demand for it.

IMPORTANT.—In ordering Parmint, always specify that you want Double Strength. Your chemist has Parmint, or will get it for you. If not, write to the International Laboratories, Carlton House, Kingsway, London, W.C., who make a speciality of it.

WHISKY DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

Awarded Medal and Diploma.



Brewers' Exhibition, London, 1912.

"THREE THISTLE" 6 years old 3/6 per bottle, 40/- per doz.
"TARTAN LABEL" 8 " " 4/- " " 46/- " "
"OLD MAC" Special Liqueur 4/6 " " 52/- " "

Carriage Paid. Cash with Order.

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Established 1872.

GRAMOPHONE.

Mahogany Sheraton, inlaid enclosed, wenty-guinea hornless instrument, four feet high, perfect order, as new. £7, records included. Latest model, genuine bargain. Seen any time before 7, or approval willingly. Holt, 37, Endell St., Long Acre, London.

A BRAIN STORM.

FIRST COUNCILLOR: "Gentlemen, I move that we call in a Sanitary Inspector and ——"
SECOND DITTO: "On a pint of order, Mister Mayor; wot's the good of a hinspector when there ain't no sanity in the burrer?"

BEHIND THE SCENES.

By M. Clement Scott.

John Galsworthy's grim three act drama, "The Eldest Son," is attracting many thinking people to the Kingsway Theatre in Great Queen Street. What a tragedy of real life it is! How true—how horribly, terribly true! Finely produced by Granville Barker, and acted in some instances by comparatively speaking unknown artistes with a style it would be difficult to improve upon, Mr. Galsworthy's play is creating much comment between the pittites and the stallgoers, for the story hits the "upper circles" hard, and throws a faithful light on to the drastic methods of the employer and the employé.

Galsworthy's "Silver Box" gave you a fair insight as to the tendency in favour of one law for the rich, and another for the poor. "The Eldest Son" cuts even deeper into the injustice meted out to the hard-working, long-suffering, silent dependent. Now then, you talkative, loud-voiced Labour Members of Parliament, here is a subject at the Kingsway Theatre worthy of discussion; but do something more than talk, for pity's sake. W've all of us heard enough of what you intend doing; why not do it?

What is your opinion of an author who shortly before the production of his new play writes to the principal member of the company acting in it, and drops the following pleasant hint: "If a complete re-consideration of your part is not thought out by you I can only see dismal failure looming in the distance"? Rather a tactful remark to make to anybody, is it not? So calculated to help matters along. I don't think even W. S. Gilbert in his wildest moods would ever have been guilty of such a breach of good taste.

TURKEYS—LAST CHANCE.

This is the last week of our record offer of 2,000 turkeys as "Bullets" prizes. It is, therefore, a case of now—or next year. Why not have your dinner with *us* this Christmas? Send in a "Bullets" coupon at once; you have as good a chance as anyone of securing a turkey—one of John Bull's Best—for sixpence. Apart from the turkeys, there are other special Christmas prizes, and £200 waiting for the sender of the best "Bullet." See page 830.

SEASONABLE PRODUCTIONS.

With characteristic enterprise, Messrs. Raphael Tuck have evolved a wonderful new series of artistic cards, calendars and seasonable novelties. Most of the "Crowned Heads of Europe" have again entrusted the firm with orders for the preparation of appropriate greetings to their personal friends. Needless to say, these, in common with all the firm's other productions, are distinguished alike by design and execution. This house seems to resemble Tennyson's brook in more than its continuity—the volume of its sparkling outpouring increases the longer it runs.

Without Tom Smith's Crackers what would Christmas be? The famous firm are still to the fore, and it is gratifying to learn that the preparation of these pleasing and artistic souvenirs gives employment, in one way or another, to several thousands of London workers, British labour being alone engaged in their manufacture. We are glad to notice that Messrs. Smith are never too old to learn, and that prosperity has not dried up their enterprise—each year they put forth attractive novelties.

Another old firm, Messrs. T. J. and J. Smith, Ltd., also well maintain the high standard of their publications, manufacturing more than 300 varieties of diaries for pocket, office and library.

The Xmas number of the new monthly journal, the *Champion*, does not belie its name. Crammed full of exciting though healthy tales, useful articles, interesting competitions, and excellent illustrations, any John Bull junior will find it wonderful value for its price—threepence net.

"'OPKINS."

By GREATREX NEWMAN.

I was sitting at the far end of a crowded tramcar, engrossed in a newspaper account of the latest Bulgarian victory.

He was hanging on to a strap, and peering over my shoulder.

"It weren't arf a fine win, too, weren't it, guv'nor?" he began.

I nodded.

"Just wot I hexpected, though," he continued, "as I ses to Alf. Spinks, I ses, 'You take my tip, they'll win heasy,'—an' they did, yer see. But d'you think they'll do it agen next week?"

I said I thought they would.

"Then that's just were yer make yer bloomin' herrer. Why they don't stand no hearthly next week! The other mob'll slip it acrost 'em, certain. D'you see as *'Opkins* ain't agoin' ter turn out fer 'em no more?"

I glanced down the column, but could find no mention of "'Opkins" in the report. I didn't like to admit that I'd never heard his name before—he might be the commander-in-chief, or one of the great generals—so I merely murmured, "Is that so?"

"It ain't arf!" he confirmed, "an' they're bound ter lose without 'im. Why 'e was the honly bloke they'd got wot could shoot!"

I glanced at a headline, "10,000 KILLED IN TWO DAYS." My friend must be exaggerating. No matter however deadly "'Opkins" was he couldn't have done all that by himself. He wouldn't have had time.

"Now, wot would they a-done without 'Opkins the week afore last?" the strap-hanger went on, "were would they a-bin if they 'adn't a' ad 'im then?"

He paused for a reply, but as I had quite forgotten which battle had taken place a fortnight previously, I kept silent.

"Why *up* the pole, o' course," he said, answering his own question, "they'd a-bin up the bloomin' pole, if it 'adn't a-bin fer 'Opkins. It's a big pity as 'e's left 'em—partic'larly as they've shoved that chap Smiff in 'er 'is place. Yer know 'e won't be no hearthly use! Why I wouldn't mind bettin' as 'ow *you'd* be more good than 'im!"

I felt rather hurt at being used to signify incompetence in matters military, for I went to camp with the Territorials last summer.

"Ah! yuss!" he said, picking up his dinner-basket, preparatory to leaving the car, "it's all hover wi' 'em, now that 'Opkins 'as gone."

"Let's see, wasn't he killed?" I enquired, feigning forgetfulness in order to cover my ignorance.

"*Killed!*" he echoed, "'course 'e weren't!"

"Wounded, then?" I ventured.

"No—nothin' ter speak of. 'E did get 'urt a bit once in a charge, but 'e was right as rain agen in two jiffs."

I felt rather puzzled. If the great 'Opkins was neither killed nor wounded, why had he left his army?—especially at the time when—according to my acquaintance—they needed him most?

I decided to plunge.

"Then what has 'Opkins left them for?" I asked, point blank.

My friend leaned over, and placed his finger on a paragraph in my paper headed "Football News" which read:—

> "A considerable sensation was caused at the conclusion of the great match last Saturday, by the announcement that Hopkins—the brilliant centre-forward, who had scored all Manchester Hotspurs' four goals—was to be transferred to Birmingham Villa."

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

ANOTHER GEM FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"I shall be obliged if you can give me information *re* residential hotels within 15-20 mls. of Charing X, in the country not *in* a town I believe there are such formerly country houses or seats of private owners."

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Hold an immense stock of genuine high-class Second Hand ANTIQUE AND MODERN FURNITURE, £200,000 worth of high-class goods for sale, including FURNITURE, DRAPERIES, BEDDING, CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PIANOS, ETC., ETC.

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Milton Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens.
Drayton Road, Harlesden.
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The Avenue, Chingford.
Maud Street, Rhyl,
and Elsewhere.

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comprise the following: Set of 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs, Georgian period, 14 guineas; Georgian Sideboard to match, 11 guineas; dining table to match, extending, £7 10s.; Bookcase to match, 6 guineas; very massive oak Sideboard, £5 10s.; Overmantel to match, £2 5s.; Extending dining table, £2 10s.; 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs in carved oak, 40 guineas; Sideboard, very finely carved, in oak, to match, 12 guineas; 3 Chesterfield Settees, £3 10s. each; 6 very fine Lounge Club Divan easy chairs, 27s. 6d. each; Carved Oak Dining Table, 4 guineas; Carved Oak Overmantel, £2 10s.; Saddlebag suite, £4 15s.; another dining-room suite, £3 15s.; Massive carved oak Sideboard, with oxydised copper fittings, bevelled plate glass, 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs to match, extending dining table, heavy curb suite, £15 10s. the lot; similar set in fumigated oak, £13 10s.; 10 real Turkey carpets, about 9 by 12, at 7 guineas each; 4 Turkey carpets, about 9 ft. 6 ins. by 12 ft. 6 ins., £8 10s. each; 20 Turkey rugs, from 25s.; numerous carpets in Tapestry, Axminster and Velvet Pile, all sizes, in thoroughly good condition, to be sold without any reserve; a most elegant Grand Piano, 18 guineas; an upright Grand Piano, 12 guineas; another by Adolph Achumann, 18 guineas; another, by Carl Strauss, 22 guineas; several Grand Pianos by Broadwood, Emil Pauer, Collard and Collard, Blathner, and Bechstein; 3 Hall Stands, 18s. 6d. each; hall chairs, from 7s. 6d.; and all necessary effects for completely furnishing Dining Rooms, Smoke Rooms, Libraries, Studies, etc., etc.

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Of all Stores, Ironmongers, Chemists, etc.

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Sample Cake, 6d. Post Free.

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245 Consolation Prizes of Beautiful FURS, &c., &c.,	

TO effectively introduce ADORI into every household, a further set of Seasonable Prizes will be awarded to the senders of the three prettiest Christian names for a girl and three most manly names for a boy. What would be your choice? Fill in the Coupon below.

A committee of six of the most popular actors—MESSRS. GERALD DU MAURIER, ALLAN AYNESWORTH, DENNIS EADIE, HERBERT SLEATH, HENRY A. LYTTON, G. P. HUNTLEY—will act as judges of the names selected, and prizes will be awarded in order of merit as they decide, whose decision must be accepted as final. Winners' names will be sent direct to each purchaser of Adori on January 8th, 1913. The Competition will close December 24th, but, TO ENSURE PROMPT DELIVERY, IT IS ADVISABLE THAT ORDERS SHOULD BE POSTED AT ONCE.

ORDER FORM

I enclose Postal Order for 1s. 3d., for which please send me (postage paid) one box of Adori Toilet Soap, containing three sixpenny tablets. I think the three prettiest Christian names for a girl are: 1..... 2..... 3.....
and the three most manly names for a boy are: 1..... 2..... 3.....

Selections for additional boxes may be written on plain paper.

Full Name.....

Address.....

"NURSING MIRROR" says:

All things Japanese have a certain fascination for Englishwomen, and it is hardly surprising to learn that the Adori Toilet Soap, which by its strange mysterious scent is easily recognised as coming from the Land of the Chrysanthemum, attracts the British Public. It is, of course, quite distinct from anything else of its kind. The colour is a pretty full pink, the shape is like a small wedge of wood flattened at both ends and curved at the sides, and the soap itself very soft and pleasant to use. A box containing three tablets, 1s. 3d., would make a somewhat unusual Christmas gift more especially for a friend who loved original presents from foreign climes. It is claimed by the manufacturers that the complexion of the Japanese woman is so clear notwithstanding the fact that the climate is more variable than our own, because she is careful to use only certain soap, of which "Adori" is a specimen. This is an additional reason why our readers may like a sample, and if they cannot obtain it at their own chemist's it will be sent post free from the head office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

£5,000 WORTH OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS FREE TO "JOHN BULL" READERS,

of Pendants, Extending Wristlet Watches, Japanese Senka Charms, Unique Combination Scissors, &c., &c. Full particulars and brochure containing Photographs of Actors who are acting as Judges in Names Competition sent on receipt of p.c.

J.B. ADORI, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Isn't the Balkan question one of who gets the "pickings"?
Shouldn't some M.P.'s get a much longer "vacation"?
Why doesn't Sir William Byles "keep his place"?
Isn't the telephone system clogged with red tape?
Wouldn't the Suffragettes like to "blow up" the Government?
Is Germany preparing to "drop down" on us?
Mustn't a certain minister have borne a "striking" resemblance to Lloyd George?
Isn't "Give it up" the only answer to the "Territorial Problem"?
Will the motor ship "take the steam" out of others?
Are they calling her Mrs. "Sad 'un" nowadays?
Doesn't the Navy agree that "putting the screw on" is sometimes a pleasant operation?

MERELY RUMOURS:—

That Victor Grayson got married to study Home Rule.
That Lord Howard de Walden is writing a play called "The Double Event."
That the officials of the Crédit Lyonnais upon discovering lead instead of gold said, "What the Druce is this?"
That the title of the play at the Kingsway Theatre is to be altered to "Are the Galsworthy of The Eldest Son?"

MORE RAPID REVIEWS:—

The Browns.—Gave us the blues.
The Rake's Progress.—What hoe!
Lost in the Past.—No great loss if it had been.
Jocasta and the Famished Cat.—Most *a-mew*-sing.
Little Thank You.—A little was quite enough, thank you.
The Man with the Black Feather.—Tickled us immensely.

NOTES ON NEW SONGS:—

"My Lute."—Oh, blow it!
"Opportunity."—A fine thing.
"Bashful Tom."—Not a bit like our cat.
"Morning—and You."—Often a surprise.
"The Flower of Love."—It is really a weed.
"Hope's Golden Pathway."—Full of pitfalls.
"The Blue Dragoons."—Sung after a defeat.
"Little Red Kite."—Profitable if you can fly it.
"I Want You Near."—Yes; the nights are cold.
"Songs of Merrie England."—Quite out of date.
"Daddy's Sweetheart."—Mother will like to hear this.
"Sweet Eyes of Blue."—Better than one black one.
"Land of the Harlequinade."—Good for pantomime.
"The Song of the Fugitives."—A good running melody.
"The Magic of Your Voice."—More trickery than magic.
"The Shepherd's Wooing."—Like a lamb led to the slaughter.
"I Sing to You Alone."—Perhaps nobody else would stand it.
"Love, I have Won You."—Even then it is a losing game.
"When You Come Back."—Concerns a dishonoured cheque.
"Buy my Strawberries."—Not at present prices, thanks.
"The Great Bazaar."—Nothing about the Sanjak of Novi.
"Your Eyes have told me so."—Don't believe a word they say.
"Your Dear Heart."—A protest addressed to the butcher.
"If I could Live for Thee."—Better than dying for her, anyway.
"Your Heart will call me Home."—Would call a policeman off the beat.
"Thoughts have Wings."—That is why all the best things are forgotten.
"Come, Sing to Me."—The kind of request that is more polite than wise.
"The Little Girl from Hanley Way."—First cousin to the girl from Chinatown.
"Somewhere a Voice is Calling."—Be sure whose voice it is and what it is calling you.
"The Sunshine in Your Eyes."—Makes you blink. Ought to carry a parasol, or wear a big-brimmed hat.
"Speak from your Heaven, Beloved."—If your address is different, beloved, don't trouble to say anything.

* * *

Indian mail bags have been rifled. Somebody ought to be shot.

* * *

Payment of Members is demoralising the House of Commons, says Sir Gilbert Parker. Evidently it doesn't take much.

* * *

Richard Bonham-Carter, aged two, the youngest actor in the world, has appeared at the Court Theatre. He represented Wind, a part often played by more experienced artists.

* * *

A Garter of the most noble Order, said to have belonged to the Duke of Cumberland, has been sold for £4 10s. A charwoman says the string off a bundle of wood comes even cheaper.

"Floating mines prohibited," we read. But not in the City.

* * *

"No War for a Trifle," says a heading. But a trifle often follows turkey.

* * *

Distaff won a race at Kempton by five lengths. Evidently out for a spin.

* * *

Professor Metchnikoff holds that old age is a poison. Will he supply an antidotage?

* * *

The two Italians who are touring the world in a barrel must be rather "cooped" up.

* * *

"A Sound Evening Paper," reads a headline. We thought they were all sound.

* * *

A portion of a woman's rib has been transplanted in her nose. A ticklish operation.

* * *

A strike in the fishing industry is threatened. It will be "no catch" for the public.

* * *

"The size of a woman's foot is immaterial," says Mr. Pinero. Not when she puts it down.

* * *

The dress of 1913 is to be hipless and curveless, cut very narrow. In fact, no waste.

* * *

It costs only a halfpenny to produce a £5 note, we are told. Yet there are men who can't do it.

* * *

The Mayor of a town in Sicily cannot read or write. But evidently he has made his mark.

* * *

The latest tactics of the militant suffragettes are driving the public from pillar to post.

* * *

At Gotha, Germany, four houses were sold for five shillings. Have they a Lloyd George there?

* * *

Mr. Philip Snowden, who has five tons of books, evidently does not care much for light literature.

* * *

"The Tide" is the name of a new play. We trust it will not leave those concerned in low water.

* * *

No more mixed bathing at Manchester! Instead of minding its bathing, Manchester should bathe its mind.

* * *

"Poetry can be inspired by Epsom salts," says a morning paper. We have heard of the poetry of motion.

* * *

"The new facade at Buckingham Palace will look stiff," says a critic. Just the right thing for a front.

* * *

The New Gallery, founded to exhibit the work of modern artists, is to become a cinema. "Living" pictures, in fact.

* * *

An evening paper says that Lloyd George is always amusing. Yes, but he makes some laugh on the wrong side of their mouths.

* * *

The statement that the women of Crete 5,000 years ago wore hobble skirts, only proves that there's nothing new over the daughters.

* * *

An actress has been awarded £1,040 for a scar left after an accident. Doubtless the defendants considered that the wound had in no way diminished her cheek.

* * *

A market gardener has cleared his gardens of grasshoppers with the aid of a vacuum-cleaner. The insects who mistook this for a new watering-can, were sucked in.

* * *

"Telephonograms" is the name given to the combined telephone-telegraph service. Our Office Maniac points out that for a husband to "tell-a-funny-cram" to his wife is nothing new.

* * *

"If I were King of England I would make it compulsory for bishops to dance once a week in Trafalgar Square," says Mr. W. J. Locke. Wouldn't the ball of St. Paul's be more appropriate?

* * *

You are going too far, Mrs. P.,
And the end is quite easy to see,
With all hope of the vote
Lost by acting the goat,
Pank-cursed you will certainly be.

"Bullets"—the STRAIGHT Competition.

John Bull's Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

For Financial and Insurance Replies, see page 828.

For Sporting Replies, see page 832.

W. J. (Peckham) writes to endorse our view about the last hope of Islam and the need for a restoration of the late Sultan. He also wishes us to emphasise the fact that reports of Turkish outrages in Albania are grossly exaggerated. In our innocence, we thought these outrages had been committed by victorious Servians. The average Albanian is quite strong enough to hold his own against the modern Turk.

E. P. L. (Port Said).—If you and your wife are not conscious of having done anything justifying certain of your intimate friends cutting you, by all means seek an explanation, either personally or in writing. That failing, your solicitor should be able to advise you concerning the woman you fear has been "grossly libelling" you both.

"ARTILLERYMAN" (Portsmouth) tells us all about his battery canteen. Weak tea and coffee, and poor quality of goods all round. Worst of all he considers the filthy surroundings—to use his own words, "Our lousy canteen should be wiped off the face of the earth." Did you never hear of the word "boycott," Tommy?

W. S. (Bradford) has received an invitation from Elmer C. Knowles to join the Psycho Club—and, incidentally, to pay a subscription. Our correspondent respectfully declined. Wise man!

"HAMPSTEAD READER" complains of the well-known "catch" advertisement of W. Plant and Co., Manchester. The advertisement claims that £3 a week can be easily earned, by making incandescent mantles. In the first place 6s. 6d. has to be sent to Messrs. Plant, and later a sum of £1 15s. 6d. for an outfit. Of course, when the outfit is obtained nothing like £3 a week can be earned.

"STUDENT" (Glasgow) recently received a letter from the Postmaster there, asking whether he would again assist during the Christmas pressure. Having consented, he writes asking us to imagine his "insuperable indignation" when the said Postmaster referred him to the Labour Exchange, where "his application for temporary employment would receive special attention." His indignation is expressed by the invocation of curses upon the Labour Exchange and a letter to the Postmaster, whom he describes as a "capricious cad." We think, however, that he is scarcely justified in regarding the Labour Exchange as a charitable institution, or in writing to the Postmaster, "Now, I most respectfully ask you to go to Hell!" We should rather have advised the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

S. W. (Bournville) complains of serious reductions in wages there, in some cases as much as seven or eight shillings a week; but we do not think this can be altogether due to the Insurance Act, which can cover only a certain number of sins. Anyhow, the cocoa people ought to be more generous, if it is true that they have escaped paying rates and taxes on their new premises.

C. S. (Islington) is working 80 to 90 hours a week in a sausage factory "belonging to a Christian gentleman," and informs us that "slavery was abolished years ago, but is gradually coming to light again; if we supplied him with a whip to stand over us, he would be in a more fitting position than a preacher of the Gospel." As we are told nothing about the wages, we cannot say whether these long hours are unfair; we have no special prejudice against hard work, so long as it is remunerative. But we do draw the line at "sweated" sausages!

"BEER" (Nuneaton) wants to know if it would be legal for him to place a barrel of beer in his shop and invite his customers to help themselves. So far as we know, there is no law against hospitality, but if the Temperance fanatics came to hear of such a proceeding, no doubt they would want to introduce special legislation.

"BANDSMAN" complains that ever since the *Dreadnought* class of ship came into vogue a musician is considered as a mere marine. There is also a grievance about the curtailment of the leave of the bandsmen, who are expected to remain on board to play while the officers are dining. Again, musical efficiency is impaired when violinists have to push barrows or dump coal down a bunker. Of course, if musicians are necessary to men-of-war they ought to be pampered a little, but we should have thought it was more important to have willing and capable sailors than mere contributors to the æsthetic tastes of officers.

A. G. (Lewes).—It certainly cannot have been the intention of the Insurance Act that ladies should mortgage their maternity benefit for arrears of rent!

J. F. (Montreal) adds another to the many complaints which we receive from unfortunate emigrants. "If we mention the name of England," he says, "we get the sack, but the Yankee can come and 'guess' and 'calculate' and a laurel is placed on his head. Oh, Englishmen, beware! Do not be led by the glowing samples of vegetables displayed in Charing Cross. I am sending a cutting from the *Montreal Star* of three Englishmen being deported, one only here three days; no doubt he got in the meshes of these crooks here and got drugged. We have thousands of them here, but no matter—he was an Englishman. I read your account of the White Slave. It is true Montreal is full of churches, yet it is full of debauchery, graft, wickedness, and ignorance; even our children cannot get an education. Please treat this as no begging letter." Certainly not when our friend offers to write to intending emigrants free of cost.

W. O. (Birmingham).—We fear there is nothing illegal in sending out dunning documents in imitation of summonses. But we certainly think something ought to be done to prevent their being headed with the Royal Arms.

S. H. (Burslem) relates an unpleasant experience. He was taken ill at 3 o'clock one morning and went out to see if the air would revive him. Then it occurred to him that a little hot water would do him good and he asked the nearest policeman to advise him. The answer was that he might perhaps be accommodated at the police station. On arriving there he was scrutinised suspiciously, subjected to a severe cross-examination, and then roughly ordered to clear off, as that was not an eating or drinking house. Fearing that if he resented this treatment he might easily be arrested and have some charge trumped up against him, he went home, with the reflection that "a police station may not be an eating and a drinking house, but neither is it meant to be a house of terror." It is certainly rash to arouse the suspicions of the police at dead of night, and we should advise our friend to purchase a small spirit lamp and kettle for future emergencies.

"ARCTIC TEA" sends a long, illegible rigmarole about an order given for tea four years ago. We are not great believers in the promises of bonus supply tea companies, but our correspondent would, in any case, have some difficulty in establishing his claim after allowing so much time to elapse.

W. G. (R.N.).—The commander of your ship would not doubt give you all the information you require; but don't be in too much of a hurry to leave the Navy—good jobs ashore are few and far between.

"MEGEHAM" (Harlesden).—As the goods were not redeemed within a year and seven days, the pawnbroker was entitled to sell them by auction, and as they did not realise sufficient to repay the loan, interest, and costs, you are liable for the balance. You must look to the friend on whose behalf you pawned the goods to reimburse you. Many another has lost by obliging a friend.

H. T. (Birmingham) complains of Williams and Lloyd (89, Cornwallis Road, Upper Holloway, N.), who sent him 48 very very common postcards, a chain worth about 3d. and the promise of "a magnificent prize watch on receipt of 4s." He omits to inform us what he sent them in the first instance, but he does well to distrust circulars which congratulate him on his good fortune and trust to receive his esteemed order at his earliest convenience.

Your last chance to win a "John Bull" Turkey. See page 830.

MR. M. LECH (30 Queen Street, Scarborough)—We have twice forwarded to this address, given on your coupon and on your subsequent letter, your cheque for prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 5, but upon both occasions it has been returned through the Dead Letter Office. A telegram also addressed to you there we are informed cannot be delivered. Can you clear up the mystery? You will see that we have done everything possible.

Will the writer of a letter (from Canada) directed to Joseph Bottomley, which has been delivered to us in error, let us have either his own, or the intended recipient's exact address?

F. S. (Kettering).—Sorry we cannot send you "1 pound as a deposit" on your promise to forward one of the issues for which we offer £10—especially as your address is merely care of the local post-office.

G. A. (Settle) complains of the first prize award in the competition of a contemporary. We do not, however, "settle" such matters, being too busy drawing away their competitors to our "Bullets" scheme.

F. F. (Redcar) is enthusiastic at the prospect of meeting us and shaking us by the hand, at a local lecture, which he has seen announced. We are afraid, however, he is confusing us with either Professor, or Mr. J. H. Bottomley, the respective Lecturers on Science and Tariff Reform. Alas! we are not as great as either of these.

J. D. (Manchester).—According to the rule you quote, you do not appear to have received all the strike pay to which you are entitled, but this may be modified by a rule which you do not mention. Before taking legal proceedings you had better refer the matter to the committee.

F. J. B. (Tottenham).—We are not medical experts, and are unable to express any opinion as to the genuineness of Mr. E. J. Wood's treatment for curing alcoholic craving. Up to the present, "Jim Crow" has not tried it.

J. E. B.—The owner of the car would be liable for the damage caused by his driver's negligence if that employee was out on business at the time of the accident—but not if the man was driving the car on his own account. According to a High Court Judge, the test is, "Was the servant on a frolic of his own?"

"EGYPT" (Cairo).—Possibly in the near future we may arrange a special "Bullets" competition for our colonial and foreign readers. Will those interested let us have their views on the matter?

E. E. (Hammersmith).—The firm is not liable to make good the value of the purse and contents stolen while you were trying on a hat. You should never be tempted to let your belongings out of sight.

A. H. and I. W. (Ashford).—Very well. We are, however, too busy to remember everything about everybody. Repeat your grievance.

"WATCHEM" (Surrey).—We know nothing of the firm you mention, but are constantly warning readers against back door pests who palm off trashy jewellery at high prices on the unsophisticated. As the value of the watch was misrepresented to your friend, she had better return it. We do not think such a firm would have the temerity to sue on the alleged contract to purchase. If they did, she could successfully defend.

J. B. (Teddington).—Though your friend is 80 years of age, has been in a friendly society for fifty years and "never drawn a penny out," and has now received notice that as he is over 70 he has no further claim on its sick funds, worse might have happened. He might have departed this life without having a chance of drawing an old age pension.

W. B. (Exeter).—Claims for compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, must be made within six months of the occurrence of the accident, but the want of, or any defect or inaccuracy in, the notice will not necessarily be a bar to proceedings if the failure was occasioned by mistake, absence from the United Kingdom, or other reasonable cause, but the employer is not to be prejudiced in his defence by such failure. In the circumstances you mention, we are of opinion that you could proceed.

D. W. W. (Edinburgh).—"Is it true that the British fleet is going to the Dead Sea?" We don't mind where it goes in a just and imperative cause as long as it is ready to shoot.

J. R. H. (Woking).—As proceedings were taken against you to recover the account, you must pay all the costs; execution can be levied on your goods if you don't. You will, no doubt, receive due intimation from the Court as to the exact amount. Solicitors usually make the costs as heavy as possible. That is how they live.

"BULLETTE."—You had better explain to the Insurance Commissioners that your birth was not registered. Your father is liable to penalties for not having done so, but we do not think, in the circumstances, they would be enforced. Thousands of people are in the same position.

"BE WISE" (Clydfan).—If you have had no benefit in return for the 3s. sent to the Standard Clothing Company, Cheapside, as a result of foolishly misunderstanding their advertisement, no doubt they will refund you the money.

"ANGLO-INDIAN" (London).—It was merely in the sense of a choice between subscribing funds to suffering Turks in Constantinople and suffering English people in West Ham that we "damned" Constantinople. It ought to have been, long ago.

"SOFT-UN" (Stirling).—As your father died without making a will, all his children were entitled to an equal share of his personal property, regardless of sex. Having allowed your sister to take the jewellery, it would be futile to attempt to re-open the matter now—after the lapse of twenty years.

J. S (Salford).—We note you think everybody ought to be truly thankful for the new life-saving regulations of the Board of Trade, and would like to set up in the midst a tremendous monument to the President of same inscribed "Boats for All Buxton." But why not a monument to *us*? We cannot enter into argument on the subject of Captain Charles's appointment to the Boats Committee.

"KOLNO" (Manchester).—You can recover damages for negligence any time within six years; but owing to the period you have allowed to elapse, you may find it difficult to prove your case.

G. T. (Leeds).—Your experience justifies our remark that many newspaper competitions are sloppily judged. If you had sued for the full amount on the editor's first decision (which he himself announced as final) you would probably have won the case.

N. K. (Kennington).—It is certainly possible to obtain process to prevent a fraudulent bankrupt from leaving the country. Indeed, we have heard of cases where perfectly innocent people were held up by means of a writ *ne exeat regno*.

"LUCKY STONES," W. D., and others, will be well advised to give a miss to Captain Walter Rands' (Vernon House, Sicilian Avenue, Southampton Row, W.C.), "Mysterious lucky stones" at 4s. 6d. per stone. He is a fool-catcher of audacious proportions.

C. C. (Hampstead).—As, instead of merely dropping his "h's," the boy dropped the whole alphabet, to say nothing of the rest of the typewriter, the messenger company is liable for the damage done. Sue in the County Court.

M. E. C.—If the person was insolvent at the time of his death you could not obtain the legacy. Legacies are only payable after all debts have been discharged. A man cannot give by his will property to which he has no title—for instance, a man once devised Buckingham Palace to his family, but his children still live in the suburbs. You can ascertain from Somerset House whether the information you have been given is correct.

"MARLBOROUGH CLUB" (Newmarket).—We believe that in his Blenheim speech Mr. Bonar Law did say, apropos of the Parliament Act and the Home Rule Bill, that the Government could claim just as much legality for their act if they were to abolish monarchy and set up a republic. Surely you have heard of King Charles's head? It is a story of a chopper.

H. A. H. (Southsea).—As the compensation money to which your daughter was entitled was paid into Court, she cannot obtain the whole or any part of it without the permission of the judge, and he will not consent unless satisfied that it is for her benefit. He might let her have the whole amount if she were going to invest it in a small business in which there was a reasonable chance of her making a living.

"JAY" (Rhyl) thinks that "if old soldiers were employed as caddies on golf links it would give a far more dignified appearance to the game." Perhaps the old soldiers think it would give a much less dignified appearance to them?

J. F. (Lancaster).—As the Court has ordered you to give up the plan, you must comply. If the builder subsequently sues you for more than you owe, pay into Court the amount you admit, and defend the action as to the balance. At the trial you should call two or more experienced builders to give expert evidence as to the value of the work. Don't be afraid of the man because he is a councillor.

E. H. S. (Catford).—As requested, we have transposed the eight letters in "Bonar Law," and find the result to be "A brawl on"; but this may have nothing whatever to do with the recent row in the House of Commons.

A. J. S. (Holloway).—It is hard luck, but your landlord is not liable for the damage done to your furniture, etc., owing to the ceiling falling, unless he had agreed in writing to keep the house in repair and had had his attention called to the danger.

"LUC. LUCULLUS" (London).—This is to acknowledge your "feeble protest against the pernicious journalism of to-day." In one part you say, "Is it such a great hardship to stick on stamps?" Difficult to answer until one has been stuck.

(A large number of replies are held over.)

"Bullets"—the best-judged competition.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

By "Verax."

(For City Notes and Financial Letter-Box, see pages 827 and 828.)

Peace in the Balkans seems to be assured, and now it is only money which is troubling the Stock Exchanges and the Bourses. After all, this is only what is to be expected at this time of the year, and all should be *couleur de rose* again shortly. A favourable feature is the strength of gilt-edged securities, which must react eventually on most other markets. One of the strongest lately has been that for *Rubber* shares, and I give some special notes regarding this department below.

Oil Shares, after Marking Time, Improve—Shell Transports Leading—Revival in the Maikop Oilfield.

The market for Oil shares has of late been quiet, although there is a strong undercurrent. *Shell Transports* improved at one time on reports from Amsterdam that the Royal Dutch Shell combine has secured the control of the Union Oil Company of California for twenty million dollars, but finally the price eased off again. *Ural Caspians* are still fluctuating, but the meeting is now close at hand, and is being awaited with much interest. *Mexican Eagles* have been a firm market, but *Schibaieff* issues have been rather pressed for sale at lower prices. The *Maikop Oilfield* has been looming much larger during the past week, owing to the success obtained by the Maikop Deep Drilling Company in striking oil at about 2,330 ft. depth, which is believed to be immediately above the oil sands for which search is being made. As Mr. Tweedy stated at a recent meeting, there is great activity on the Maikop Oilfield, and the total number of wells in active boring is 51, and it is intended to bore at least 45 more in the Spring. In Neftianaya, where the *Black Sea Oilfields* have struck oil at a depth of 1,360 ft.; altogether 15 wells are being put down, amongst which two belong to the Black Sea Oilfields, and one to the *Victory*. The Victory is now producing oil at a rate which is stated to yield £35,000 profit per annum, which is altogether apart from the new wells now coming into production. *Maikop Valleys* have advanced to ¼, on the statement that this company has two plots adjoining the now famous 108, on which the deep well has been sunk successfully, and drilling operations are also in progress on three other plots belonging to the Valley Company, while there are good indications on Plot 321. *Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa* are quiet, but there is talk of a big market move shortly.

The Rubber Improvement—Suggestions for Investment.

That investors in this country have not lost their old love for rubber shares is amply proved by the steady investment demand which has been lately experienced for shares, more especially of the "young producer" type. I have not sufficient space at my command to give chapter and verse for my full views on the outlook for this market, but it is significant that the newer companies are steadily displacing the older concerns in the estimation of investors, which justifies the admirable policy of the *Rubber Plantations Investment Trust*, whose investments have all along been made on this basis. Examples of such companies are *Bidor* at 3$\frac{1}{16}$, *Bukit Kajang* at 3 xd, *Bukit Sembawang* at 2s., *Kurau* at 2$\frac{3}{4}$ pm. xd, *Sempah* at 1$\frac{1}{4}$, *Sendayan* at 2$\frac{5}{16}$, *Scunah* at 3s. 3d. premium, *Serdang Central* at 2$\frac{5}{8}$, and *Singapore United* at 2s. 3d. xd. A selection of such shares will enable the investor to face the prospect of rubber eventually selling at 2s. 6d., or even only 2s. per lb., with equanimity, and then to obtain yields ranging up to about 10 per cent. per annum. The following is another good selection of "coming" rubber shares of promise—viz., *Jong Landor* at 1$\frac{7}{8}$, *Malayalam* at 2, *Pelepah Valley* at 4s., *Changkat Salak* at 2$\frac{5}{8}$, *Glen Bervie* at 2$\frac{1}{4}$, *Lumut* at 1$\frac{11}{16}$, and *Pegoh* at 2$\frac{3}{8}$. Here, therefore, is a large and varied selection of shares to suit all tastes and pockets, and dealing with companies which are now actually paying substantial dividends, or are on the verge of doing so.

Kaffirs still Marking Time—Rhodesians Firmer on Good Values in the Eldorado—Diamond Shares Supported.

The Kaffir Circus is still marking time, although as far as the Balkan trouble is concerned, peace is now in sight, and there really is no reason why the market for Kaffir shares should be disturbed by another bugbear which has now arisen—viz., that money would be scarce at the end of the year, chiefly in Berlin and Vienna. Prices, however, have been well maintained, even *Goldfields Deferred* receiving some support, while *Central Mining* have been a good market also in Paris. *Randfontein Estates* are firm, and *Randfontein Central*, although in expectation of a good dividend, are rather easier at 1$\frac{1}{2}$. That a dividend will be paid on *Randfontein Central* is certain. The question is how much? What has to be borne in mind, however, is that a number of dividend announcements will be made in the next fortnight for the second half of the present year, and that the shares are full of dividend.

In the Rhodesian Market *Chartered* are still hovering about 26s. 6d, but I expect that the improvement will come sooner in the mining shares than it will in the land shares. The latest *Eldorado Banket* cable gives excellent assays of the reef struck at the 10th level, and these shares, at the time of writing, have improved to 1$\frac{15}{16}$. The *Cam and Motor* meeting was very satisfactory, and this will evidently prove one of the rich Rhodesian mines. *Exploring Land and Minerals* are rather firmer, no doubt partly on the news with regard to their Nigerian Tin mines. There is as yet little business in this section, but any pronounced demand would have a strong effect, as there is very little floating stock in this market.

Diamond shares have not been quite so firm as they were recently, but there is a strong undercurrent, especially in *De Beers*, while *Premier Deferred* also are steady, but *Jagersfontein* are really the firmest of all. For some time past there has been steady buying of these by influential people, and, as I have frequently stated in these columns, they will certainly go pounds better before long.

National Gramophone—A Promising Industrial.

The forecasts which I have made with regard to the development of business in the miscellaneous department of the Stock Exchange are being amply fulfilled. *National Gramophones* afford a distinct example, and in response to the active demand the shares have gone up to 7$\frac{1}{8}$. Profits are being earned already, as the chairman stated at the recent meeting, at the rate of 100 per cent. per annum. The company owns the world's master patents for records cut to some depth but practically without width. This system is claimed to obviate all harshness heard on records chiefly used hitherto, is more reliable, playing twice as long as any others, and is, therefore, of great service. A German company is in process of formation, in which the National Gramophone Company will hold a controlling interest, while negotiations are stated to be well advanced for the sale of the French and American patents. It is reported that in that case royalties would accrue to the Company which are estimated at £42,500 for the French, and £60,000 for the American patents per annum. Should these sales be successfully concluded, the price of the shares would of course be greatly affected, the capital of the Company being small.

A Nigerian Revival?—Exit the Jemaa Lode.

Indications of the better times coming in the Nigerian Tin market have been increasing for some weeks past, but the group which succeeded in hoisting *Anglo-Continentals* to a high level, have now to take a back seat, as the Jemaa lode is exploded. Some of the other companies, however, are doing better. For instance, during November the *Bisichi* produced 50 tons of tin, as compared with 41 tons for October; *Rayfield* 30 tons, against 25 tons; *Kuskie* 14$\frac{1}{2}$ tons, against 8 tons, etc. It is, however, necessary to carefully sift the wheat from the chaff in this department, and, more especially, to take all unofficial statements with reserve pending their confirmation by the companies themselves. I should think that the lessons taught by the *Anglo-Continental* and other "ramps" have been too recent to permit operators to forget the same. There are plenty of promising companies to choose from without resorting to doubtful concerns. I should prefer to leave *Anglo-Continentals* and others of that ilk alone, but *Keffi* look promising at about 6s., in view of the official announcement that important alluvial deposits have been met with, and that in one day alone 159 lbs. of black tin were obtained from 5 tons of wash. Then, again, there is the *Hausa* (*Nigeria*), whose prospecting expedition has succeeded in obtaining two properties showing rich alluvial tin, and that samples of concentrates from the "terrace" alluvial recently received in London have assayed from 60.8 to 73 per cent. metallic tin.

Change for Sixpence.—£200. See page 830.

THE

DAWN OF SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW INDUSTRY.

OIL WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

A parent Company has recently been formed for the purpose of seriously exploiting, for the first time, the vast oil lands known to exist in South Africa. It is called the

CONSOLIDATED OIL FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED.

Its capital is £250,000, divided into 250,000 shares of £1 each, and its offices are at 29 and 30, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

This Company has acquired exclusive rights for working **Oil and All other Minerals,** for a period of ten years, over 150 square miles in the Ceres district—together with the option of acquiring the freehold of the properties.

Eminent Oil Experts from all parts of the world have examined the ground and certified to its petroliferous character.

The Scheme has been received with great cordiality by almost the entire press of the country.

The importance of the new industry to both the Colony and the Empire cannot be overrated.

The potentialities of the Company are phenomenal. According to a leading American authority, its £1 shares may at any moment spring up in value to £200.

The imports of oil into South Africa exceed £500,000 per annum.

The whole of the purchase price was taken by the Vendors in shares.

Ample Working Capital is assured.

"There are more millions in 'Oil' than have ever been got out of all the world's gold mines," says Mr. Rockefeller.

"We may look forward to an African petroleum trade with the world," says a recent Cape Government publication.

"Neither the discovery of diamonds nor of gold has more potently affected the prospects of the country than would the development of a single flowing well of petroleum," says the *Diamond Fields Mining News.*

The Managing Director of the new Company is about to proceed to South Africa, accompanied by an experienced Oil Driller, who, under the direction of an eminent geologist, will at once make test borings on various parts of the properties.

News of important discoveries may arrive at any moment after the commencement of operations.

The pioneers of the scheme are the **South African Petroleum Exploration Syndicate, Limited,** whose address is 80, Coleman Street, London, E.C., and from whom all information concerning the new enterprise, may be obtained.

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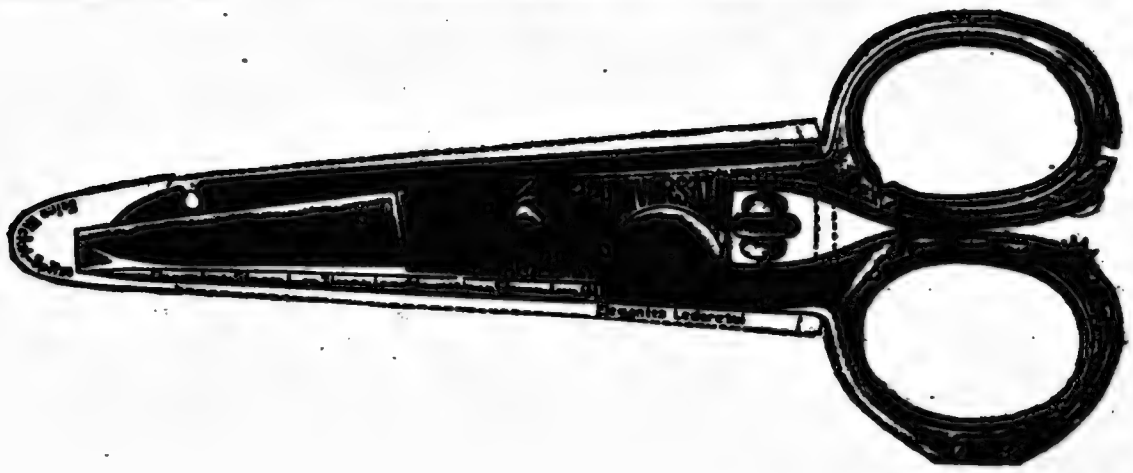
Fits easily in Lady's Bag or Gent's Vest Pocket.

Usual Price, 10/6.



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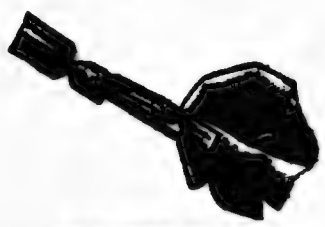
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13. PENKNIFE.

14. GLASS CUTTER.

15. GLASS BREAKER.

16. MARKING WHEEL.

17. ERASING KNIFE.

18. STEREOSCOPE.

We have decided to offer this Handsome Little Gift. Each Pair of Scissors is delivered in an Elegant E.P. Morocco Case, as an Advertisement, for a limited time only, at 3/6 sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom.

P. O.'s OR STAMPS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE—

NEW ADORI MANUFACTURING CO., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

CITY NOTES.

(For Financial and Insurance Letter-Box, see page 828.)

Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa.

As stated last week, the success of this Company is assured, and we again predict that at an early date its shares will stand at a big premium. During the last week information of a very important nature has reached this country as to the prospects of a big strike of oil on one of the properties, and no time is to be lost in sinking a well. In this connection shareholders should bear in mind the opinion of one of the most eminent oil experts in the world, Mr. Frank L. Chapman, who, in his report, states that if the Company's properties were in America, "they would to-day, with mere indications to go upon, be split into hundreds of lots, and would realise from £80 to £100 per acre, going to £500 per acre as soon as the first barrel of oil had been produced." This means that the shares of the Company have a potential value of £200 each.

That "City Editor" Again.

The young gentleman of Pump Court, Temple, and High Holborn, W.C., who writes the "*City* Notes" of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been distinguishing himself once more. This time he has been tackling what he calls Holding Companies—that is to say, companies formed to acquire interests in other companies. Of course, many of such other companies may have debenture issues, and the Holding Company may possess only shares of such concerns, but, at the same time, it may, and often does, issue debentures upon its own assets. "How very wrong," says this pseudo-financier, "the property of the other companies is already mortgaged." Simple Simon! We suppose he would tell us that if a company were formed to buy up every freehold property now mortgaged, it could not raise money, by way of debenture loan, on the equity of redemption. Surely, in view of the rapid strides which the *P.M.G.* is making under Mr. Garvin's *régime*, it can afford to engage a professional, duly qualified City Editor? Meanwhile, investors should ignore the Pump Court piffle.

Locking the Stable.

By public advertisement and with grave solemnity, the Senior Official Receiver in Companies Liquidation is calling upon Charles John Fowler and two other directors of the Law Car and General Insurance Corporation, Ltd., to submit themselves to public examination to-day (Thursday) at Bankruptcy Buildings. This wretched concern was ordered to be wound-up just two years ago, and the report by the Comptroller of the Companies Department of the Board of Trade on its affairs—for what it is worth—was contained in the Twentieth Annual Report submitted to Parliament on July 5th, 1911. Mr. Fowler, who undoubtedly brought the company to grief, took flight, and in spite of questions in the House of Commons as to why no steps were taken to prevent his departure, and frequent pin-prickings from the press, nothing has been done to ensure his returning to face the music. Perhaps, however, he will turn up to-day at Carey Street!

Industrial Assurance Debit System.

An ex-agent writes: "Suppose a policyholder pays 1s. per week, and, having made twelve payments, goes away, 'address unknown.' The agent must not, according to instructions, pay any money out of his own pocket, but must lapse the policy and repay lapse charge, 12s., although the Company has received 12s. less commission in premiums. Is this honest? What have the large number of agents, working under the debit system, to say to this query?

The International Educational Publishing Company.

Several students of the International Correspondence Schools have forwarded us copies of the following letter recently received by them from Mr. H. R. Graham, who signs himself as Controller of the Schools.

Executive Offices,
International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.,
London, 24th October, 1912.

DEAR SIR,—We recently wrote you a letter advising that the Management of the Schools had reserved on your behalf four shares of a special distribution of the Stock of the International Educational Publishing Company, which is now being made among our students. As we have not had the pleasure of hearing from you on this subject we have thought that possibly you did not receive our communication. We are, therefore, enclosing herewith a duplicate Option and Enquiry form, and hope to hear from you by return of post.

If you are interested in an investment of this nature we believe you will find this a very opportune time for acquiring a financial interest in the Schools. The present opportunity is an exceptional one, and as this offer in due course will be withdrawn permanently we would ask that you give the matter full consideration.

We shall be happy to furnish any additional information you may desire, and anticipating an early reply, we are,

Yours truly,
H. R. GRAHAM,
Controller.

Perhaps Mr. Seitz, the Managing Director, will explain the exact significance of this communication. We confess ourselves unable to do so.

National Gymnasia.

Our contemporary *Truth* recently cast some doubt upon our statement that the Earl of Essex had consented to be the chairman of the Company which had been formed to carry into effect the scheme to which we have already referred. We have only to say that "If you see it in JOHN BULL it *is* so." We now observe that his lordship has addressed a letter to the *Daily Mail* on the subject of the military training of the youth of the nation, in which he associates himself with the enterprise in question.

City Steamboat Company.

A shareholder has forwarded to us the latest Report and Accounts of the City Steamboat Co., Ltd., brought down to October 20th last (a Sunday, by the way!) and submitted to the annual general meeting held on the 22nd ult. The trading for the year resulted in a loss of £1,486, but the directors having managed to deplete the assets by the sale of two of their boats at a profit of £2,229, gaily proceeded to pay a dividend of 10 per cent. This payment is, of course, quite illegal as being made out of capital, and the shareholders who protested against it should take action against the directors. Such distribution in spite of trading losses is the more reprehensible seeing that not one penny has been written off in the accounts for depreciation on the remaining boats, the directors stating that they are "worth considerably more than the price at which they stand in the company's books." The whole thing appears to us a juggle, and the quicker it is put an end to, the better.

NEW ISSUES.

Another Western Australian Loan.

We have frequently expressed the view that these colonial loans are being overdone Certainly investors must be very hard up if they are willing to lend a colony like Western Australia money at 4 per cent., ranking behind all kinds of other charges, and in no way guaranteed by the British Government.

De Bruyn, Limited.

A Belgium butter concern, apparently doing a good business, making an issue of £150,000 £1 Preference shares at par. The investment appears safe. Sir Owen Phillipps is the chairman. The only comment which occurs to us is, that whereas Messrs. Turquand, Youngs and Co. are the auditors to the Company, the only certificate of profits given in the prospectus is from a Brussels accountant.

Tramways Light and Power Company.

A highly speculative tramway and electric supply undertaking with a much more general title than its primary objects justify. At present it is a midland counties concern —Derby, Warwick, Leicester and Nottingham—and it should be left to local investors.

British Electric Transformer Company.

An issue of 42,286 Preference shares of £1 each, being the balance of an authorised issue of £100,000. The business appears sound and prosperous and the dividend is well secured.

Grand Trunk of Canada.

An issue of another £1,000,000 of 4 per cent. "Perpetual" Debenture stock at 95, for "the general purposes of the Company." Of course, it will "go"—like Canada, some day.

Primitive Gas Company of Buenos Aires.

An issue of £400,000 of further Debenture stock, at 92 per cent. Perfectly safe; but why this silly system of cutting down the interest and then reducing the price? Why not call the Stock 4½ per cent., and issue at par?

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE LETTER-BOX.

Letters containing enquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, *52, New Broad Street, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

A Postal Order for 1s. must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

CONSOLIDATED OIL FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.—W. L. (Liverpool).—T. R. J. (Dublin), L. S. B. (Leicester), AND OTHERS.—The issue has been a complete success. See City Notes.

MAGADI SODA.—E. W. P. (Sidcup).—The management of the Company is in excellent hands and no doubt in due time will turn the corner. You must pay the call.

CORONATION FREEHOLD ESTATES.—E. C. P. FREEHOLDS.—There is no market for these shares on the Stock Exchange neither are they mentioned in the usual books of reference. If you are able to sell them you had better take what you can get.

INVESTMENT.—E. H. (Glasgow).—It is too early to advise what to buy after the end of the year. Repeat your enquiry in January and in the meantime follow our market report.

£150 INVESTMENT.—COMFORT.—The following selection should answer your purpose:—Forestal Land Five per Cent. Debentures, at 99; Japanese Four per Cent. Bonds at 87½; or Great Central Railway Five per Cent. Convertible Preference of 1894, at 111.

£200 DEPOSIT.—E. H. D. (Essex).—Either of the banks in question, viz., London County and Westminster, Barclays or Parr's, would be quite suitable for making this deposit, unless you care to put the money, say, into Colonial Government Bonds, which still look cheap, and are, of course, quite safe.

GREAT CENTRALS.—CAPITANO.—We take a favourable view of the prospects of Great Central junior securities, unless any fresh labour troubles develop to upset the apple-cart. The Preferred are, of course, nearer the dividend point than the Deferred, and with patience you should see them at a much higher level. If you can get in on a reaction, so much the better.

VICTORIA PICTURE THEATRES.—J. S. L. (Canobie).—We do not like this concern, or its entourage, and we do not think that you will ever get anything back out of it. The only consolation we can offer you is that your liability is limited to the amount of your shares. In future, be more careful and make enquiries, especially before applying for shares in such new concerns.

OIL AND GENERAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—F. C. G. (Wigan).—We understand that the firm is doing sound and extensive business. You will be quite safe in dealing with it.

AMALGAMATED PROPS.—W. C.—You would be well advised to average your holding of these Rhodesian shares at the present low price. Sooner or later they are bound to come to the front again, when market conditions generally improve.

GOVERNMENT LOANS.—PETRON.—We should prefer the Japanese Loans, but the article on the Japanese position in our last issue will enable you to form your own conclusions as to the prospects of the same.

GLOBE AND PHŒNIX.—J. McN.—This is one of the most prominent Rhodesian gold mines, but those who say that it is "absolutely sure and very rich" do not know what they are talking about. This cannot be the case with any mine in the world. The Company has done very well for its shareholders but developments at depth leave room for some doubt. We think that the best thing you can do is to keep your money in the P.O. Savings Bank.

OIL SHARES.—L. L.—We are told that Spies Petroleum will pay an increased dividend, and the firmness of the market is significant. In the circumstances, it would be worth while keeping your shares for the present.—H. W. M. (Brighton).—There is no information here concerning the Perseus Oil Company of California in the books of reference specially devoted to the Oil market. There is certainly no dealing in the shares and we do not advise the suggested transaction.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE COMPANY.—RED LICHTIE (Arbroath).—We certainly consider that where proposals are on the life of another the signature of both the proposer and the assured should be secured. The Act of 1909 does not, however, provide for this, and should be amended. Meanwhile, the points you have raised do not entitle you to apply to have the policy set aside, which is legal provided at the time you had a bona-fide expectation you would incur expenses in connection with the death or funeral of the assured. W. B. (Derby).—The case you mention demands investigation. You had better write the Head Office direct, state the facts and ask what they are prepared to do, and let us know the outcome of your enquiries. It is incredible that after paying for 8½ years at the rate of 6d. per week, a payment of 10s. 6d. only should be offered to the wife of a farm labourer in very poor circumstances, in settlement of a death claim. Surely a serious error has been made somewhere.

PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE.—A. B. (Fence Houses).—Your dispute apparently has reference to a sum of ten shillings. The Company assert this was owing to them in respect of interest due on a loan made to your late husband, but you are not satisfied with their explanation. As regards the will, the Company say "you appear to have taken the document to your solicitor," whilst you contend that the local representative instructed you to take the probate to the solicitor. We should recommend you to see the District Superintendent with a view to these matters being cleared up, alike to the satisfaction of yourself and the Company.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE.—MISGUIDED.—Because you hold certificates for £750 it does not necessarily follow that you would obtain that amount on mortgage. It is entirely a question of value. The property was valued as a security for £600 by a competent professional valuer, and this sum could not of course be exceeded by the Company. The closing of your son's agency does not appear, from the evidence, to have any bearing on your position as a borrower, and looking at the circumstances all round we have failed to discover any just cause for complaint.

THREE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—J. K. (Nigeria).—The three offices you mention are all well established and sound, but we should prefer No. 3, which is the most progressive, and yields the best results from the policy-holder's point of view.

BRITISH CITIZEN'S ASSURANCE COMPANY.—FIDELITAS.—We are not satisfied with the position of this concern, and cannot recommend you to take up their policies.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—M. W. (Stockwell).—The Trust having repudiated your claim, you were entitled under rule 75 to submit the matter in dispute to the "Honorary Council." Since receiving your letter a Receiver has been appointed, and you had therefore better lodge your claim with him. Mr. Justice Warrington in making the appointment said: "If this Trust comes to an end in consequence of the appointment of a Receiver, I am not sure that it would be a bad thing." We never had any confidence in this concern, and have always advised against having any dealings with it.

ANNUITY.—B. P. (Transvaal).—We should prefer one of the well-known, old-established and progressive Life Assurance Companies, and will send you a list if you require it.

ROYAL LONDON MUTUAL.—L. D. H. (Wimbledon).—Being unable to continue the payments on the policies on your daughter's life, which you took out 33 years ago, you applied to the Company for a Surrender Value and subsequently for Free Paid-up Policies. Both these requests the Society have declined to entertain. This seems to us a very extraordinary attitude. Repeat your application and if it is again refused, send us the correspondence and the policies. A. S. (Clerkenwell).—You inform us that the Company have refused to pay on the policies you hold on the life of your daughter because she died of hip disease. Send us any correspondence you have had, and let us know when the disease was first observed. C. B. F. (Edenbridge).—A daughter may insure the lives of her parents provided at the time of doing so she had a bona-fide expectation that she would incur expences in connection with their death or funeral. You say that no such condition ever existed and that the assured did not sign proposal forms or had knowlege of the assurance. If so, we are of opinion that no legal contract is created by the issue of the policies, and this view also extends to the policy issued on the life of the father-in-law. Consult a solicitor. COURZ II. (Huddersfield).—The policies on the lives of your wife and child are legeal, and unless the Society will grant a Free Policy or pay you a cash Surrender Value, you are helpless in the matter, and must either continue paying or forfeit the premiums already paid.

ROYAL LONDON FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—READER.—The two policies you enclose are issued in the name of the assured. They should have been issued "on the life of another." You say that the assured has no knowledge of their existence and apparently you have been paying premiums all these years without possessing any legal title to the policies. The Society contracts to pay to the person legally or equitably entitled to receive the money. Your position is clearly unsatisfactory and you should demand the return of the premiums on the ground that you have no legal title or interest in the policies. R. T. T. (Dewsbury).—The policies on the life of your mother were issued in the year 1898. Upon her death the Society contracts to pay the sum assured to the person legally entitled to receive the same. The question therefore arises, "who is the person entitled to receive the assurance money should a claim arise?" Supposing your mother by will or assignment disposes of the policies to some person other than yourself, what becomes of the premiums you have paid for so many years in the belief that you could legally claim? We advise you to see a solicitor.

WESLEYAN AND GENERAL.—H. S. R. (Faringdon).—The policy on the life of your father is legal provided at the time you made the proposal you had a bona-fide expectation that you would incur expenses in connection with his death or funeral. The provision relating to the surrender of the policy is vague, and reads: "Policies of five years' duration may be purchased by the Directors at a fair valuation." You must also observe the rule respecting the lapsing of the policy. If the premium is not paid in four weeks after it becomes due the policy will become void and the money paid will be forfeited.

LIFE ANNUITY.—G. B. (Harringay).—Either the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, 4, Norfolk Street, Strand, or the North British and Mercantile, 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C., would meet your requirements.

SHEFFIELD EQUALIZED INDEPENDENT DRUIDS.—AN OLD READER.—The circular lacks clearness. It gives the sick benefits receivable through the Society and also states, "you will be further entitled to medical benefits, maternity benefit 30s., or more, according to circumstances." Believing that you had secured the latter benefit you paid 5s. under the following notice. "For a premium of 5s. the Society will pay you full benefit during the waiting period of six months, for which the State makes no provision." Having submitted a claim for 30s. it is refused on the ground that "maternity" was not covered by the payment of the 5s., and that the definition "full benefits" means benefits equal to full sick benefits. We are not surprised that a misconception of what was really intended has arisen, but we should not advise legal proceedings. At the same time the Society should, we think, take your case into consideration and remove the cause of your disappointment.

THE COMING OIL BOOM.

The reassuring position of affairs in the Balkans must inevitably have a favourable influence on the Oil Share Market in the near future.

Do you wish to profit by the Boom when it comes? If so, send us your name and address, and we will forward you, free of charge, a copy of the "Oil Market Record," containing a synopsis of the holdings, financial history and prospects of the leading companies, and also our "Oil Market Review," which is published weekly, and will keep you posted as to the output at the different fields, and the latest market prices in the Share Market.

Please, however, understand that we do business for genuine delivery only, and we do not undertake dealings on Cover or Margin, nor promote Pools, Combinations, or any of the manifold schemes that are associated with the methods of the "Bucket Shops," and so-called outside brokers generally.

OIL & GENERAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
33, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON, E.C.

Telegrams: OLEOGENSHA, AVE, LONDON. Telephone: LONDON WALL 3973.

Let us provide your Christmas dinner. See page 830.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR XMAS PARTY?

On a Festive Occasion especially, you like to have your table arrangements up to the mark, and nothing that you can do will add such a finish as a handsome well-matched Service of Genuine Sheffield Cutlery and Plate. Blunt, shabby Knives and Forks are a sad let-down, and quite spoil the effect of a bountiful spread. There is no need whatever to make the cost of a New Outfit any obstacle; our direct-from-the-factory terms enable you to have immediate delivery & spread the expense over several months.

THE GRAVES COMPLETE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE is a triumph of Enterprise and Value and represents the result of many years' steady development in manufacturing methods. No one who understands the business will deny that the GRAVES COMPLETE SHEFFIELD SERVICE is the finest Cutlery Offer in the world.

THE KNIVES are of Genuine Sheffield Steel of warranted temper and splendid finish. The handles are of ivory texture Ivorette and are carefully matched in faithful reproduction of choicest African Ivory. **The Spoons and Forks** are manufactured from **Columbian Silver** which is a hard white metal which bears a superfine polish indistinguishable from genuine sterling silver. It is unaffected by acid foods or exposure to air, and retains its lovely virgin white lustre under all conditions of wear. An ornament to any table.

THE GRAVES COMPLETE SERVICE COMPRISES:—

6 TABLE KNIVES	1 SALT SPOON	1 SUGAR SPOON
6 TABLE FORKS	6 EGG SPOONS	1 SUGAR TONGS
6 DESSERT KNIVES	2 TABLE SPOONS	1 BUTTER KNIFE
6 DESSERT FORKS	6 TEA SPOONS	1 PICKLE FORK
6 DESSERT SPNS	1 MUSTARD SPN	1 JAM SPOON

WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE. On receipt of a Post Card we send our **handsome illustrated manufacturers' catalogue** of Genuine Sheffield Cutlery and Electro-plate **Post Free** to your address. It shows a splendid variety of handsome designs in Cruets, Jam Dishes, Butter Coolers, Tea Services, Biscuit Jars, Flower Stands, and a multitude of elegant specialities for Presents, at economical prices, and on our remarkably convenient Easy Monthly Terms or Cash Discount. **Ask for Catalogue M**

2/6 with Order.

WE DELIVER this magnificent complete Sheffield Cutlery Service, comprising 51 pieces without case, direct from the factory, carriage paid to all approved orders for **2/6** with order. Balance is payable in Nine Monthly Instalments of **2/6** if the goods are considered entirely satisfactory after full examination in your own home. If you are not completely satisfied and delighted, return the Service carriage forward and we will immediately refund the whole of your money without any further discussion whatever.

2/- in the £ Cash Discount

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Have it sent on Appro

THE GRAVES SERVICE 51 PIECES FOR 25/-

Your Last Chance
TO WIN A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

If you want to Win one of our 2,000 TURKEYS,
Send in your Coupon this week.

Every "John Bull" Turkey will be a specially selected, fine, plump Bird, and will be delivered in time for the Christmas Dinner.

£200 FOR A "BULLET"!

PRIZES VALUE £750

This week we are offering the magnificent sum of £200 for the best "Bullet" received.

First Prize £200

2nd Prize £25 - 3rd Prize £10

Ten Prizes of £2 10s. 0d.

And a Large Number of £1 and 10s. Prizes.

PRIZES VALUE £750

In addition to the above cash prizes we are giving this week

1,000 Handsome Christmas Prizes
AND
400 XMAS TURKEYS.

THE BEST XMAS OFFER MADE BY ANY PAPER.

Bullets can only be constructed from any of these 40 Examples:—

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
BARMAID
RICHES
KEIR HARDIE
SAFETY PIN
TOMMY ROT
THE EMPIRE
BALKAN ALLIES
INSURANCE DOCTORS
BRITISH SUBJECTS
THE MISSUS
WASHING DAY
COMPANY PROMOTER
FOOTBALL CROWD
THE MORMONS
CIVIL SERVICE
AT NIGHT
WHIST DRIVES
MANY HAPPY RETURNS
LORD KITCHENER
OUR CAT
GOOSE CLUB
MOTOR TRAFFIC
NOT WANTED
PILLAR BOXES
WHEN ENGAGED
HER BILLS
DEAD HEAT
HER WAIST
CAN'T BEAR
UPPER TEN
ROSY CHEEKS
BACHELOR
FALSE TEETH
EVERYBODY'S WANTING IT
MY DARLING
FRANCE
TYING THE KNOT
RAGTIME
SAYING GOOD-BYE

HOW TO MAKE YOUR BULLETS.

First choose any of our forty examples. Then give two or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST and LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "HER WAIST" and choose the letters "E" and "S," using the word "by" as the middle word, you can form the Bullet "ENCIRCLED BY SWEETHEART." Or from the example "BRITISH SUBJECTS" the Bullet "SEEN EVERYWHERE" can be formed. Again, if you take the example "BALKAN ALLIES" and choose the letter "E" as initial letter for both the first and last word, you can form the Bullet "EUROPE'S PEACE ENDANGERED."

KINDLY NOTE

That Competitors who have already won any prizes, large or small, in this competition are in no way debarred from winning again.

Competitors can send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence, but if both coupons are used a postal order for one shilling must be sent.

☞ Continental competitors please note that:—

FOR THIS COMPETITION THEY ARE ALLOWED UNTIL FRIDAY, DEC. 20th, TO SEND IN.

Closing date, Wednesday, Dec. 18th.

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(1) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 831, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....
.....

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

Closing date, Wednesday, Dec. 18th.

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(1) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 831, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....
.....

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

IF BOTH COUPONS ARE USED A POSTAL ORDER FOR 1/- MUST BE SENT.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

Envelopes should be marked "BULLETS, No. 11," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE JUDGING

Many of these competitions are hastily or carelessly judged, and numerous good coupons are overlooked. **Every BULLETS Coupon will be read slowly and carefully by our special staff of adjudicators of the highest ability, after which all the coupons will be read a second time, and just as much time and trouble will be devoted to the second reading as to the first. By this means it is practically impossible for any coupon to be overlooked.**

FOR RULES SEE PAGE 831.

THE RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 4TH, 1913.

RESULT OF EIGHTH BULLETS COMPETITION.

IRST PRIZE OF £200:—

Mr. LAWRENCE CHURCH, 47, Sussex Road, Tunbridge, Kent.
Example:—GREAT BOOM.
Bullet:—Rotundity to Rinker.

ECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. L. HALLAM, 8a, Royal Parade, Muswell Hill, N.
Example:—PEACE IN SIGHT.
Bullet:—NATIONS START "PREYING."

HIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. H. E. CHICCOO, c.o. Mrs. Deverell, 20, St. James' Sq., Holland Pk., W.
Example:—ABSOLUTE OUTSIDER.
Bullet:—INVITED IF RICH.

EN Prizes of £2 10s. each go to

Mr. F. PARKER, 15, Manor Gardens, Merton Park, Wimble- (BORROWING MONEY—ESSENTIALLY "DECLINING." STRY); Mr. E. B. SAWYER, 16, York Place, Barry, Cardiff AS BRITANNIA—ALIENS SHOUT LOUDEST); Mr. GEO. ERTSON, Jun., 120, High Street, Musselburgh, Scotland (BREADWINNER—BLIND BEGGAR'S DOG); Mr. F. A. WKINS, 169, Selsey Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham (PRETTY CHMAID—TALLYMAN'S EASY PREY); Mr. ERNEST JEGROVE, Victoria Road, Quarry Bank, Brierley Hill (WHEN MOTHER-Law ARRIVES—ANOTHER POWER-INTERVENES); Mr. A. B. FIELD, Claybrooke, Lutterworth (SITUATIONS VACANT—N'S TOP STOREY); Mr. B. KELLY, 48, Queen Square, istol (SITUATIONS VACANT—"NUTS" TO CRANIUMS); Mr. ORGE KENT, 34, Laburnum Grove, North End, Portsmouth THOUT FEAR—THIN MISSIONARIES TEN); Mr. D. A. WES, 134, Bramhall Lane, Stockport (BOLD STREET—NEEDS TARIFF REFORM); Mrs. A. DEANE, 230, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. (BOND STREET—TYPICAL "BUT" STREET).

10 PRIZE WINNERS of £1 EACH.

ALF. CARROLL, 14, Oakhill Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.
F. G. CHURCHES, 130, Sefton Park Road, Ashley Down, Bristol.
W. DAWDEN, Fairlee Road, Newport, I. of W.
B. M. GREGORY, 42, Nelson Square, Southwark, S.E.
ALBERT HALL, 52, High Street, Blackpool.
ARTHUR MILLS, 11, Hall Street, Rhos., Ruabon.
WILLIAM ROGERS, 124, Crofton Road, Camberwell, S.E.
V. W. TAYLOR, 295, Wyggeston Street, Burton-on-Trent.
J. W. F. TUCKER, 59, Whitta Road, Manor Park, E.
JACK WAINE, 8, North Cottages, Napsbury, St. Albans, Herts.

20 PRIZE WINNERS of 10s. EACH.

ROBERT ALMOND, 8, Leafield Road, Darlington.
J. BEITH, 9, Cove Cottages, Portland, Dorset.
ERNEST BELL, 21, Crawhall, Brampton, Carlisle.
Mrs. W. J. DOWNS, 151, Northamptonshire Road, Devonport.
L. W. MADLEY, 22, Wallsingham Street, Walsall, Staffordshire.
LUCY HASTINGS, 16, Abbey Street, St. Andrew.
R. V. HEPBURN, 16, Chatham Place, Hackney, N.E.
Miss IDA W. HIBBS, Birklands, Bramhall Lane, Stockport.
WM. ED. HOLDER, The Common, Baxterley, Atherstone.
Mrs. W. HUTCHINSON, Hermitage Hill, Bank Top, Darlington (Durham).
Mr. ELEONOR LEINSTER, 35, Magnetic Street, Belfast, Ireland.
Pte F. MANLEY, "D" Coy., Essex Regt., St. Luica Barracks, Bordon, Hants.
ANDREW PRENTICE, 64, Campie Road, Musselburgh, Scotland.
JULIA REYNOLDS, 3, Abbey Place, Livery Dale, Exeter.
W. RILEY, 2, Higher Ardwick, Manchester.
F. P. SANDRY, 6, Wendron Street, Helston, Cornwall.
G. L. B. SCHLESEMAN, Kimberley Layton Road, Hownstow.
B. STENT, 42, Waynflete Street, Earlsfield, S.W.
C. A. SUTTON, 6, Grover Street, Southend-on-Sea.
Mrs. IDA WEAVER, 37, Woodstock Road, Finsbury Park, N.

SELECTION FROM LIST OF 400 WINNERS OF SPECIAL CHRISTMAS TURKEYS. "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 8.
The Completion of this List of the 400 Turkey Winners, will be found in "Mrs. Bull" dated Dec. 21st.

dam, John, 38, Hendrick-ave., Balham.
lan, A., B.B., 17, St. James-sq., Edinburgh, Scotland.
ton, Bruce, 48, Elsinore-rd., Forest Hill, London, S.E.
ton, Mrs. E., Priory Close, Cartmel, Grange-over-Sands.
derson, Dr. J., 14, Cousin-st., Sunderland.
derson, H. M. P., Ardmillan, Carmyle, Glasgow.
cher, S. S., 188, Boundary-rd., Wood Green, N.
thur, V., 44a, Vauxhall Bridge-rd., Westminster, S.W.
tar, E., Sunshine Caravan, Nursling, Southampton.

ley, Rev. Clifford G., Catholic Church, Alderney, Channel Islands.
ll, A., 88, Guildhall-st., Folkestone.
nes, P. W., 1, Hillersdon-ave., Barnes.
ks, M. W., 19, Wiltshire-rd., Brixton.
m, R. W., Workhouse Master, Milton Regis, Sittingbourne.
nes, C. A., The Friary, Richmond, Yorkshire.
ras, Mrs., Westbourne, Bellahouston, Glasgow.
tes, Miss I., 206, Haverstock Hill, N.W.
xter, Walter, 73, Wheelwright-rd., Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.
y, L. R., 35, Windsor-rd., Moston, Man.
sby, M. John, Harraby Green, Carlisle.
bee, Sidney, 90, Vernehouse-st., Walsall.
ll, R., 7, Sussex House, King James-st., Borough, S.E.
nnett, James, jun., 47, St. John-st., Bridgwater, Somerset.
nnett, John, 21, Glenalla-rd., Llanelly, Carmarthenshire.
resford, H., 127, Livingstone-st., Birkenhead.
kerstaff, W. T., Oakmount, Bangor.
rch, Mrs. E. F., 491, Audenshaw-rd., Audenshaw, Manchester.
rd, D. J., Langlergdale, Cathedral-rd., Cardiff.
rks, B., 79, Sherwin-st., Kedleston-rd., Derby.
shop, A., 61, Oakfield-rd., Clapton, N.E.

Black, D., 34, Acton-rd., Tuebrook, Liverpool.
Blackburn, Harry, 43, Carlisle-st., Blackburn, Lancs.
Blackman, A., 53, Wiesbaden-rd., Stoke Newington, N.
Blades, Jas., 31, Granville-st., Hull.
Bolus, R. L., Ingleneuk, Schubert-rd., Putney, S.W.
Bolt, S. W., "Holmedene," Ridgway-rd., Farnham.
Bolton, W., 37, Adelaide-rd., Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.
Borles, W. P., Fish Dock-rd., Grimsby.
Bowden, G. H., Vauvert School, Guernsey.
Boyd, James, 96, Laisterdyke, Bradford, Yorks.
Boyd, W., St. Enoch Hotel, Glasgow.
Boxson, Miss F., Macum Farm, Churchlane, Ashton-on-Mersey.
Bunker, F., 506, High-rd., Streatham.
Bunting, H. G., Cliftonville, Princes-rd., Paddington, Middlesex.
Burn, C., 3, Sea Bank-ter., Dollymount, Dublin.
Bushby, H., 12, Merton-ter., Worthing.
Brandis, H. W., 186, Hainault-rd., Leytonstone.
Brooks, H. J., 10, Marylebone-st., Marylebone, London, W.
Britten, Harry, 37, Woodstock-rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.
Bracaden, E., 65, Market-st., Edgware-rd.
Broome, P. R., 97, High-st., Sutton.
Broomfield, U. H., 22, Waterloo-st., Weston-super-Mare.
Brown, Alfred, 17, Fairlight-rd., Eastbourne, Sussex.
Brown, Ella, Maplebank, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire.
Brown, M. Fred, Athenæum Club, Glasgow.
Brown, E. Percy, Ivanhoe, Grange-ave., Woodford Green, Essex.
Browne, G. F., 69, Fentiman-rd., Vauxhall.
Bryan, W. F., Aviemore, Rye, Sussex.

Cairns, J., Jas., 118, Slater-ter., Dalton-in-Furness.
Caley, William, 34, Wemyss-rd., Blackheath, S.E.
Calvert, Mrs. L., Lancaster-rd., Carnforth.

Carpenter, H., 48, West Kensington Mansions, W.
Carpenter, Harry, 18, Glentworth-rd., Radford, Nottingham.
Carsons, B. A., 111, Chester-ter., Brighton.
Carter, J. W., Kellaways, Chippenham.
Carter, Norman J., The Nook, Peterboro'.
Carter, Mrs. Thomas, 134, Hastings-st., Sunderland.
Cheshire, H., 160, Military-rd., Colchester.
Chapman, S. E., 22, Langham-rd., South Tottenham.
Chapman, Harry, 7, Victoria-rd., Coulsdon, Surrey.
Charlton, S. E., York Cottage, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Ching, C., 6, Mostyn-ter., Eastbourne.
Chisholm, H. James, Spring-pl., Broxburn, N.B.
Clack, C., 57, Selhurst New-rd., South Norwood, S.E.
Clarke, H. A., 32, Airedale-ave., Chiswick.
Clarke, H., South-st., Axminster, Devon.
Clarke, W. T., 41, Aliwal-rd., Battersea Rise, S.W.
Cleland, Arthur, Kempock-st., Gourock, N.B.
Clode, Mrs., 20, Belmont-rd., Oxford-rd., Reading, Berks.

Coldwell, Alf., 41, Treehurst-st., Homerton, N.E.
Coleman, Joshua, 8, Harvard-rd., Lewisham, S.E.
Collingwood, Frank, 83, Bereaford-rd., Green-lanes, Harringay, N.
Connolly, Nurse C., St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin.
Cook, Walter, c/o McKenzie, 9, Alexandra-st., Glasgow, West.
Cooper, A., The Stables, Kempshott Park, Basingstoke, Hants.
Cooper, C. E., 31, Park End-st., Oxford.
Cooper, F., St. Ronans, W. Worthing.
Cooper, M., 24, Whitworth-rd., Dublin.
Cooper, A. W., 38, Church-rd., Dover.
Cornille-Pecoud, E. George, 4, Tomlin's grove, Bow, London, E.
Cornwell, J. B., 31, Park-rd., Sittingbourne, Kent.
Cousins, Mrs. L., 18, St. Helen's-rd., Dorchester, Dorset.
Crossling, E. W., 34, Clive-pl., Penarth, Glam.

Curnett, L. Howard, 189, Kingswood-rd., Moseley, Birmingham.
Cuthbert, Dan, 24, Chenery-st., Ipswich.
Chant, A., Evelyn House, 191, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

Dalby, T., 31, Newlamp-rd., Leeds.
Daniell, N. L., Belmont-ter., St. Ives, Cornwall.
Davenport, A., 9, Manners-rd., Southsea, Hants.
Davey, Edwin J., 18, Hillaries-rd., Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.
Davies, Miss E., Braemar, Highfield Sale, Cheshire.
Davies, E. H., Ashfield, Church-rd., Freshfield.
Davies, Pugh, 25, High-str., Haverfordwest.
Davis, Miss K., c/o 8, Ivy Cottages, Broad-st., nr. Guildford, Surrey.
Davis, Ralph, 2, Sunnyside, Albert Park-rd., Malvern.
Davis, G. S., 7, Millmead, Guildford.
Dawes, Wilfrid, 123, Smawthorn-lane, Castleford, Yorks.
Dawson, Hilary, 9, Clydesdale-rd., Egremont, Birkenhead.
Deans, R. H., 80, Dale End, Birmingham.
Denman, I., Old Farm House, Glynde.
Dickson, Arthur H., Albany House, Galashiels, N.B.
Dines, S. H., North End, Keadby, via Doncaster, Lincs.
Ditchburn, M., 1, Western-rd., B'ham.
Downs, Corpl. C. E., 1st Northants Regt., South English Bks., Devonport.
Dudley, E. M., Fernhurst, Pevensey Bay, Sussex.
Dunlop, Albert, 37, Lynedoch-st., Greenock, Scotland.
Drummond, John W., c/o Watt, 19, Bristo-pl., Edinburgh.

Eaves, Mrs., 3, Bury-rd., Wood Green, N.
Ebden, Alfred, caretaker, Public Library, 77, High-st., Whitechapel, E.
Edge, W. V., Narberth, S. Wales.
Edghill, R., 4, Aldred-ter., Rotherham.
Edwards, A., 1a, Milbourne-st., Leicester.
Edwards, Carolyn, 83a, Lexham-gdns., London, W.
Edwards, Thomas, c/o A. McCarthy, The Square, Rathkeale, Limerick.
Elvidge, H., 129, Church-lane, Tooting.
Evans, Charles, 3, Guernsey-rd., Ilford, E.
Evans, E. M., Belle Vue House, Haverfordwest, S. Wales.
Evans, G., 223a, Hammersmith-rd., W.

Falkingham, Jas., 29, Canal-st., New Wortley, Leeds, Yorks.
Farms, William, 9, Scotstoun-st., Scotstoun, Glasgow.
Fergusson, Donald, 172, Lower Addiscombe-rd., East Croydon, Surrey.
Finlayson, Alexander, "Rosefield," Hilton, Inverness.
Flavhill, Mrs., over 62, Digbeth, B'ham.
Fletcher, J., Glenburn, Chase Estate, King's Lynn.
Foulger, W. G., 34, Ontario Bldgs., Preston's-rd., Poplar, E.
Fox, A. E., 65, Wick-rd., Brislington, Bristol.
Fox, George, 21, New-rd., Fareham, Hants.
Franklin, A. A., 409, High-rd., Leytonstone, E.
Fraser, John, 48, Rodney-st., Edinburgh.
Freeman, Robert, 19, Green-lane, Kettering.
French, Edw., 12, York-ter., Normanby, Middlesbrough.
Fennings, Mrs. W. E., Dunmore, 25, Blackbow-rd., Reigate.

Gardyne, Dr. J. G., Union-pl., Broughty Ferry, Forfarshire.
Garrett, B. J., 556, St. James-ter., Waterfoot, nr. Manchester.
Gibb, Thomas, 47, Fullarton-st., Kilmarnock, Scotland.
Gifford, John, Town Clerk's Office, Aberavon, Glam.
Giles, E. W., 3, Henry-st., Brighouse, Yorks.
Gillespie, R. W., 2, Wye-ter., Hereford.
Gillham, A. L., 1, Moormead-rd., Twickenham.
Gimson, W. H., 39, High-st., Brecon, S. Wales.
Gould, Miss Edith, 97, Portland-rd., Holland Park, London.
Graham, John, Armieve, Janella-st., Clydebank.
Grant, R. E., 28, Upper Lloyd-st., Manchester.
Gravett, W., c/o Levy and Co., 53, High-st., Guildford, Surrey.
Grover, A. P., Alton House, Shorncliffe-rd., Folkestone.

RULES (WHICH MUST BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the editor, assisted by a competent staff of adjudicators, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 191, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d., made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their cupons. Stamps will not be accepted.

4. Coupons must not be cut or defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Wednesday, December 18th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet reaching him shall receive careful consideration by a competent staff; but the Editor will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid.

7. No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition.

8. The Editor's decision on all matters concerning this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Complete List of 1,000 Prize Winners of Christmas Presents can be seen at the "John Bull" Offices.

Racing Notes.

Fields were atrociously small at Leicester last week but matters improved both at Gatwick and Sandown Park, and at the latter venue perhaps the best sport that has so far been seen was witnessed. The system of backing first favourites, which is such a popular one at the jumping game, did not work out at all well. This was particularly so at Sandown, where, in the course of the two days' racing, only twice were favourites successful, and one of these, Strangways, merely divided the place of honour with Great Peter. The favourite to win was Kolo, who on Saturday, in a field of three, started at 5 to 4 on, and won comfortably. The much-talked-of Pollen made his *début* as a hurdler on Saturday, but was not quite good enough to beat Dandyprat. The experience will have done him good, and he should win the next time out.

Prophetic.

At Windsor to-day there seems no reason why

BRANDIMINTINE

should not continue his present good form by taking the Maiden Hurdle. The three that finished so close together in the Croydon Hurdle at Gatwick can oppose each other again in the Thames Hurdle, and COSY may now turn the tables on the other two. MEMENTO has proved that he can get a country safely, and should be worth support in the Forest Maiden Steeplechase. The December Hurdle on Thursday seems good for

BITTER CHERRY

and another from Ussher's stable in BRUTON should beat the common lot engaged in the College Steeplechase. For the Three-year-old Hurdle nothing looks like beating DALNASPIDAL if he is sent from Hednesford, but he has had a busy time and may not be started, and then CABANAS would hold a big chance.

At Lingfield, on the first day, ST. AUSTEL, on the Gatwick form, should win the Winter Hurdle. GREAT PETER, if inclined to do his best, will take the Southern Counties Steeplechase. On Saturday,

FLICKER

for the Hever Hurdle represents the best thing of the week. VIOLET CHARLESWORTH ought to win the Year's End Steeplechase, and GALE II. the Open Hunters' Steeplechase.

SPORTING REPLIES.

"THE TOTALISATOR" (Lucerne).—T. F.C. (Ilford).—You should write to Mr. H. Cullerne-Bown, The Totalisator, Lucerne. The Calcutta sweep is confined to members of the Calcutta Turf Club.

SMALLMAN AND TERRY (Geneva).—H. S. (London).—You can obtain full information from Messrs. Smallman and Terry, Geneva, Switzerland. ——P. F. (Camberwell).—An old-established and highly respectable firm.

H. HAMILTON AND CO. (Binningen).—WAGSTAFF.—One of the oldest firms of football accountants, and you will be quite safe in transacting your business with them.

BOUVERIE CLUB.—O. A. (Boston).—We have no special information as to the working of this sweepstake.

HARRY APPLETON.—G. A. (Walworth), noticing that Mr. Appleton advertises as "the man who always pays," asks whether this is something unusual with Continental bookmakers. We are afraid that, with a few notable exceptions, the answer must be in the affirmative.

H. HENRY (Liverpool).—J. M. N. (Newcastle).—The letters from this man are most unsatisfactory. Have you received a settlement yet?

A. E. SAINSBURY (Isleworth).—J. L. F. (Southsea).—A dead wrong un; your chance of getting payment is hopeless.——T. M. (Oswestry).—See above reply.

G. RAYMUND (London).—"SOMERTON."—We know nothing of this bookmaker. Has he settled? Better write to the Secretary of the National Sporting League, as he makes a point of his membership of that body.

A. O. H. (Aberdare).—We really cannot consent to act as general arbitrators in regard to betting disputes. Your papers are returned.

HARRY CLIFFORD (Birsfelden).—F. W. C. (Birkenhead).—We do not hear a good account of this man.——ANGLO TURF CLUB, Vevey.—Not very strong.

JAMES GARRICK (Copenhagen).—R. E. J. (Walton-on-Thames).—Better not have any dealings with this man.

J. PHILLIPS (Glasgow).—N. J. (Edinburgh).—Suspending payment through unforeseen circumstances is an old dodge—but the "suspension" is usually permanent. Phillips' request that you should keep his default as a secret is sheer bluff.

H. DIAMOND'S NOVEMBER HANDICAP DRAW.

Several of our readers have suggested that we should award ourselves one of our own famous biscuits for stating last week that "BANK NOTES to the value of £675 were dispatched to the four chief winners," and concluding with the statement that "the lucky recipients have since informed us of the safe arrival of the CHEQUES." The fact remains, however, that the prize money was promptly paid, and for the benefit of our hyper-critical readers we may say that in law a bank note *is* a cheque.

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Football Selections from the Principal Papers.

Matches to be played Saturday, 14th December, 1912.

In view of the enormous interest now taken in the competitions conducted by numerous papers, the following table of selections compiled from the principal football authorities, will be found to be an extremely useful guide—

	Matches played on ground of first-named team.	Last Year's Result.	JOHN BULL	Lotinga's Weekly.	Umpire.	Weekly Dispatch.	Sunday Chronicle.	News of the World.	London Mail.	Irish Sporting Illus.	Sports Special.
1ST LEAGUE	Manchester C. v. Blackburn R.	Man. C. Won.	Draw	Draw	Draw	Home	Draw	Away	Home	Home	Home
	Bradford C. v. Derby C.	No Match.	Home	Draw	Draw	Draw	Home	Home	Away	Home	Away
	Woolwich A. v. Tottenham.	Woolwich Won.	Draw	Home	Home	Draw	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Away
	Chelsea v. Middlesbro'	No Match	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Draw
	Oldham A. v. Notts C.	Notts C. Won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Newcastle U'nd. v. Man. Un'd	Man. U. Won.	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Away	Home	Home
	Sheffield Un'd. v. Aston V.	Aston V. Won.	Away	Draw	Away	Away	Away	Away	Draw	Draw	Away
	Bolton W. v. Liverpool	Bolton Won.	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home
	West Brom. A. v. Sheffield W.	Shef. W. Won	Draw	Draw	Away	Draw	Draw	Away	Home	Draw	Away
	Everton v. Sunderland	Everton Won	Away	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Home
2ND LEAGUE	Birmingham v. Leeds C.	B'ham. Won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Draw
	Bristol C. v. Grimsby T.	Bristol Won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Burnley v. Leicester F.	Burnley Won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—
	Clapton O. v. Barnsley	Clapton Won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Away
	Huddersfield v. Blackpool	Hudsfield. Won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home
	Hull C. v. Wolverhampton	Hull Won	Home	Home	Away	Draw	Draw	Home	Away	Home	Home
	Notts F. v. Bury	No Match	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home	Home
	Preston N. E. v. Bradford	No Match	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home	Home
	——	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	——	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SOUTHERN LEAGUE	Exeter C. v. Portsmouth	No Match	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Away	Home	—
	West Ham Un'd. v. Swindon	Swindon Won	Away	Away	Away	Draw	Away	Home	Draw	Draw	—
	Brighton & H. A. v. Bristol R.	Brighton Won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home	—
	Coventry C. v. Millwall	Coventry Won	Draw	Away	Draw	Home	Away	Draw	Home	Draw	—
	Merthyr T. v. Queen's P. R.	No Match	Draw	Away	Away	Draw	Home	Away	Away	Draw	—
	Crystal P. v. Northampton	Northampton Won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Draw	Home	—
	Southampton v. Norwich C.	Draw	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Home	—
	Reading v. Stoke	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home	—
	Plymouth v. Gillingham/	Plymouth Won	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	—	Home	Home	—
	——	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Home signifies first mentioned team to win—**Away** second mentioned team to win.

TIP-TOP PRICES. FOOTBALL. Postage 2½d.

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MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, 90a, Leverson Street, Streatham, S.W. received £300 for 2/6 invested recently.

PATRICK FARLEY,

TURF and FOOTBALL Accountant,

19, HOWARD STREET, GLASGOW.

NOTE. Winnings posted back to clients by first post after results are known.

Also at Lucerne, Switzerland.

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No. 2 or Selected Matches. No. 3 or Half-time Matches.
Write for Particulars. For my announcements see "Racing and Football Outlook."

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JOHN BULL.—The firm of W. & A. FOX has now been established some time as Football Accountants. Their rules are compiled in a most liberal spirit, and are eminently fair to both parties.

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SHEFFIELD U.	ASTON V.
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MERTHYR	QUEEN'S P. R.
WEST HAM	SWINDON.
COVENTRY	MILLWALL.
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The following claims have been received for our issues of October 12th, November 23rd and 30th.

ERNEST MORTON, Esq., 160, Kent Street, Grimsby. October 12th. No. 203326.

HERBERT HILL, Esq., 22, Oak Avenue, Heaton Moor, Stockport. November 23rd. No. 14558.

FRED LAING, Esq., 203, Rosemont Place, Aberdeen, N.B. November 23rd. No. 235593.

CHAS. HICKMAN, Esq., 4, Wilson Road, Reading. November 23rd. No. 305533.

A. G. LOUNT, Esq., 16, South Parade, Spalding. November 23rd. No. 169109.

Mrs. H. J. EVEREST, 160, Wantage Road, Reading. November 23rd. No. 305533.

H. ILINES, Esq., 22, Clarendon Street, Somer's Town, N.W. November 30th. No. 321273.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 7th:—

3995	162144	365006	541616	669272
14649	167495	384047	552499	688571
26629	183140	411311	565357	704768
61769	200908	420135	572271	711285
80100	216084	457963	591678	723113
106880	226256	478563	613538	723828
120529	270985	502848	620576	745186
122962	304124	513822	629548	746406
133618	319255	520882	641607	746835
142102	339730	531221	650935	746912

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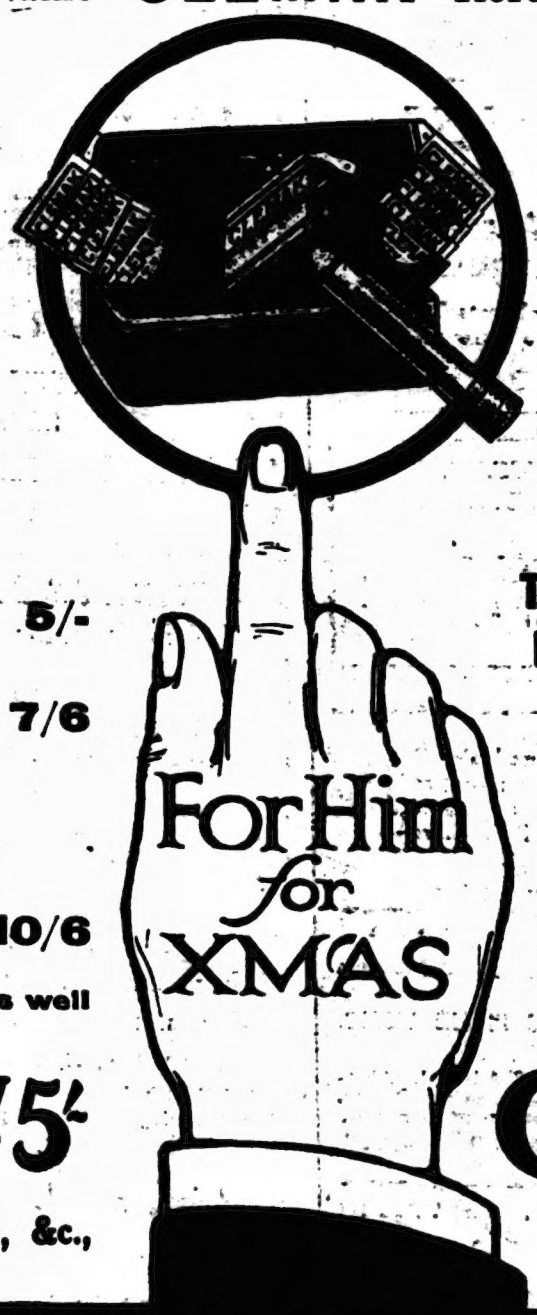

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